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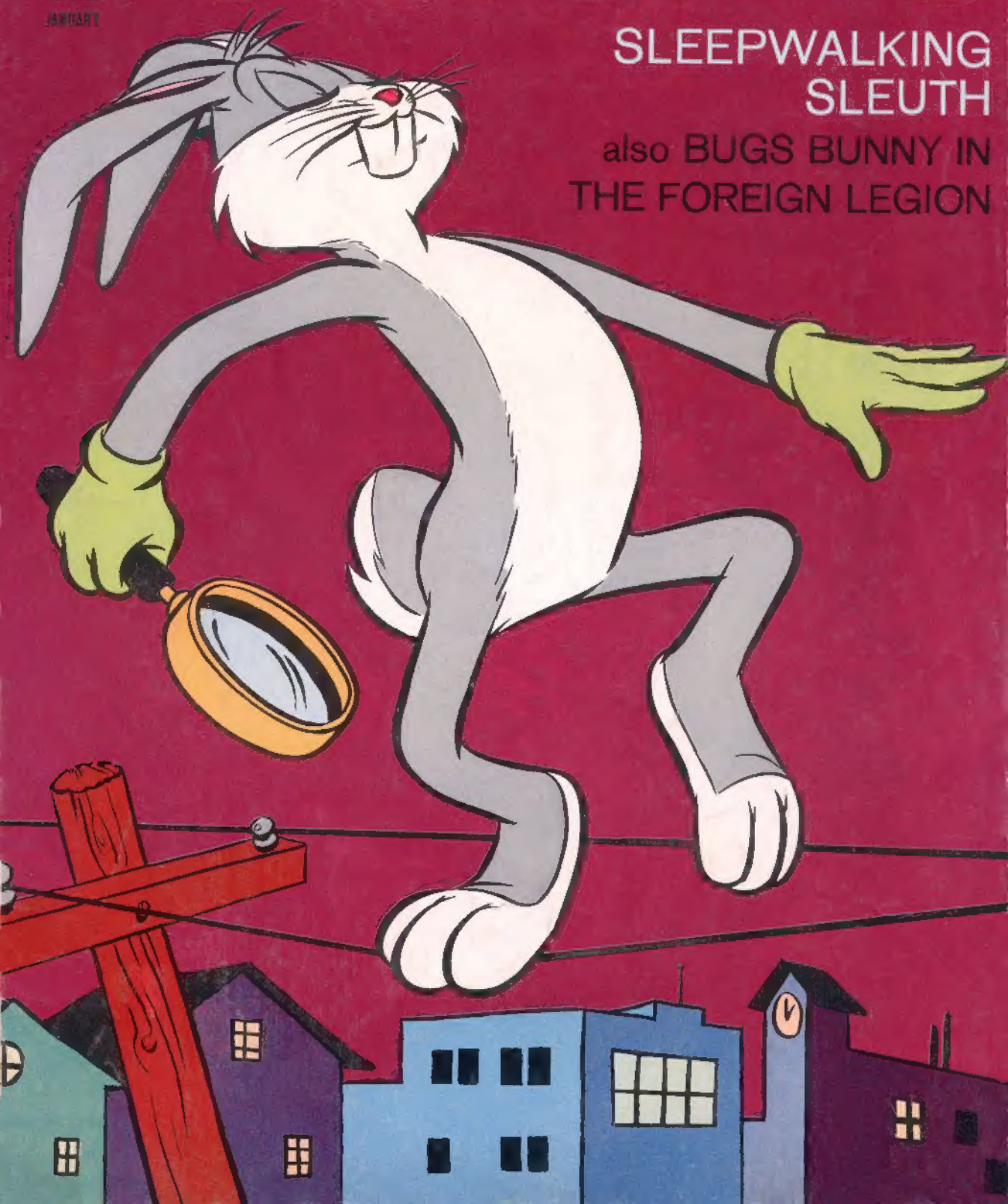
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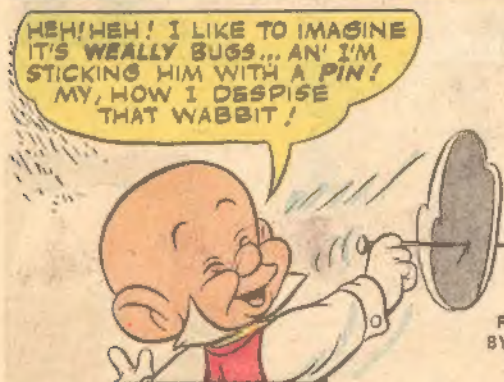
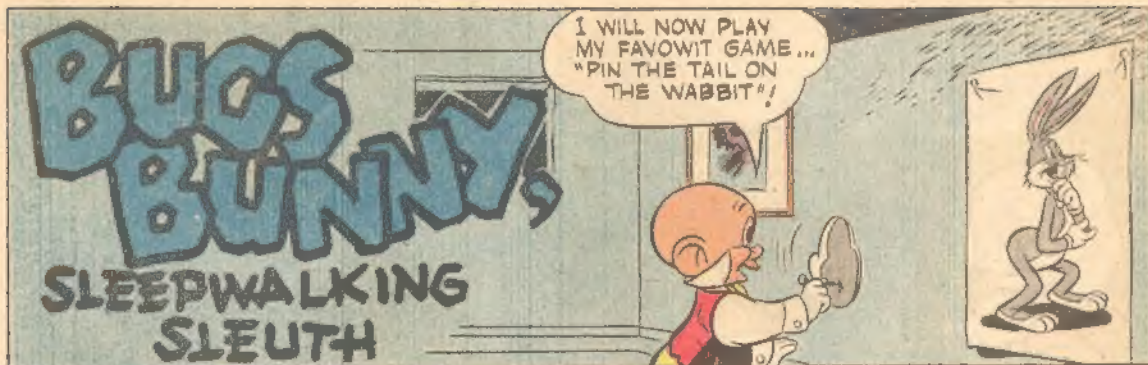
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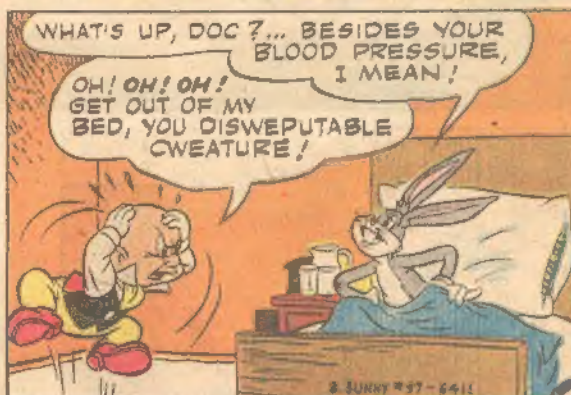
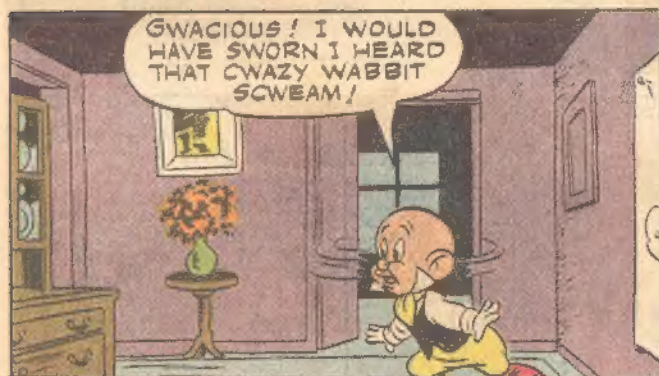
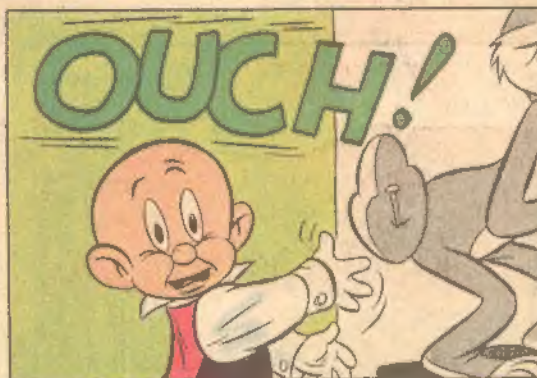
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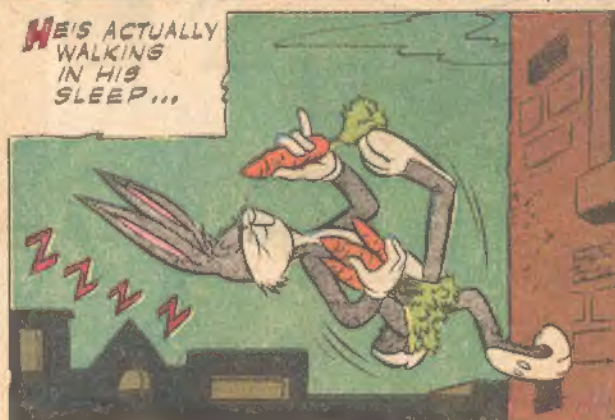
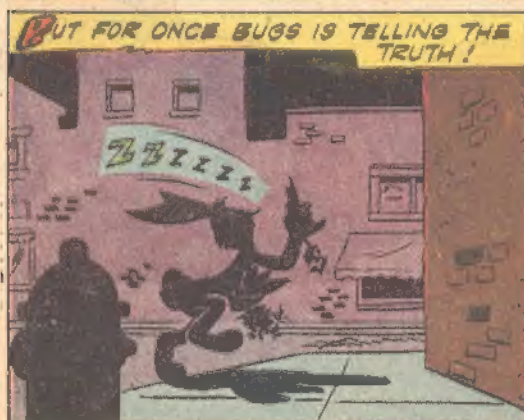
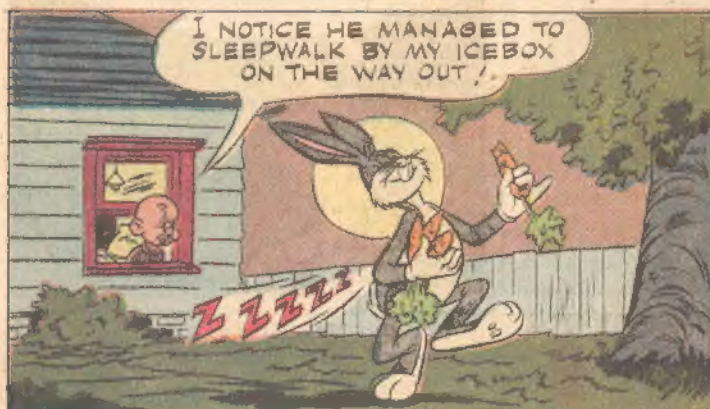
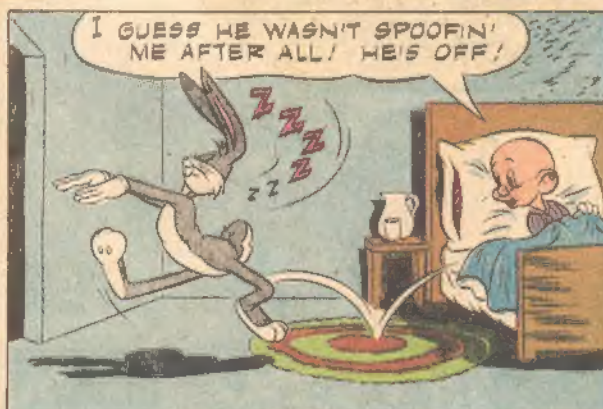
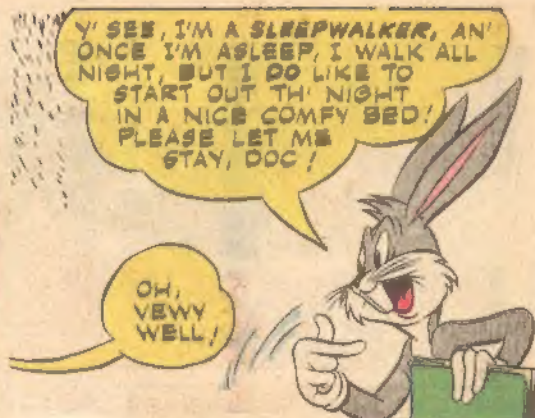
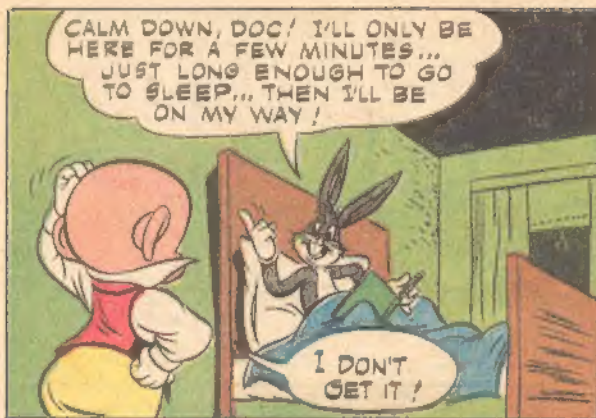
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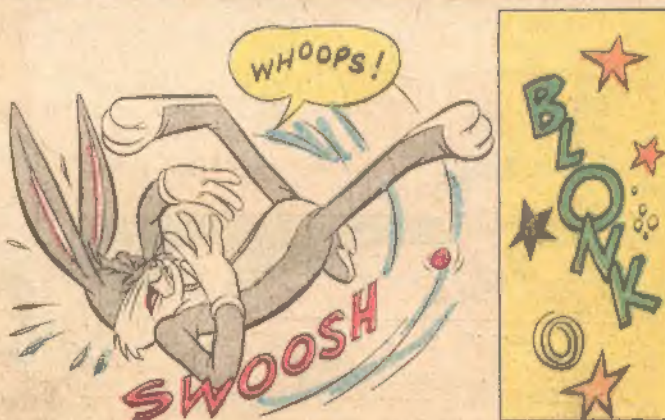
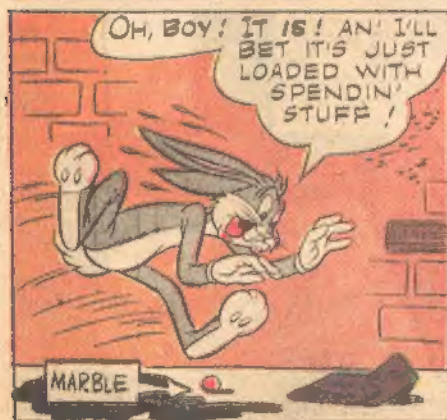
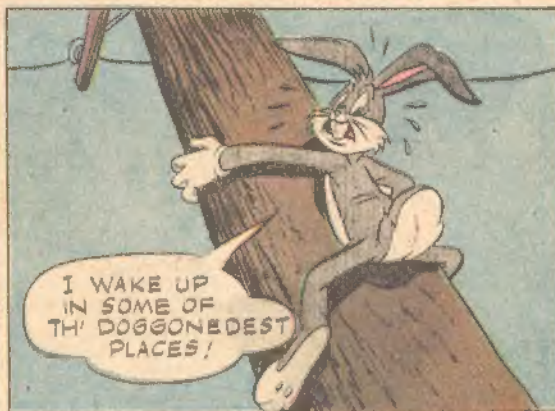
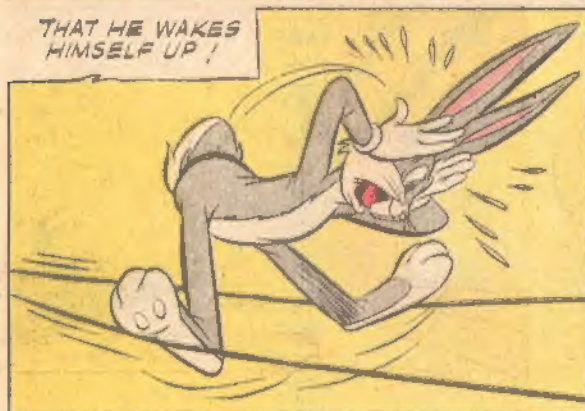
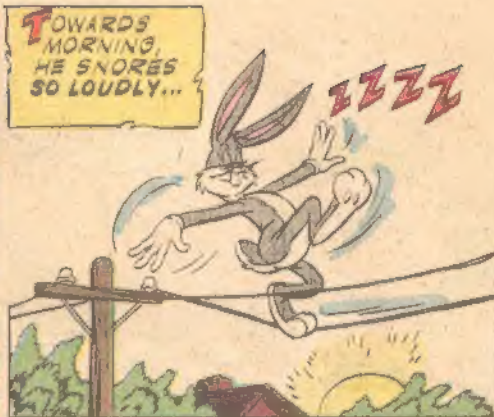
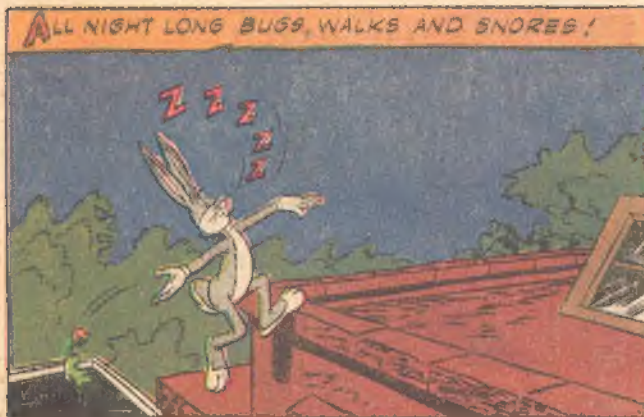


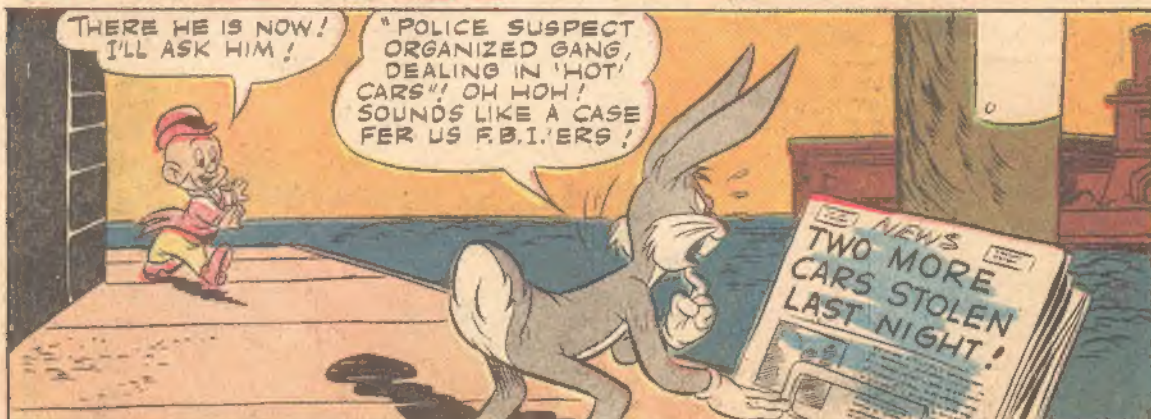
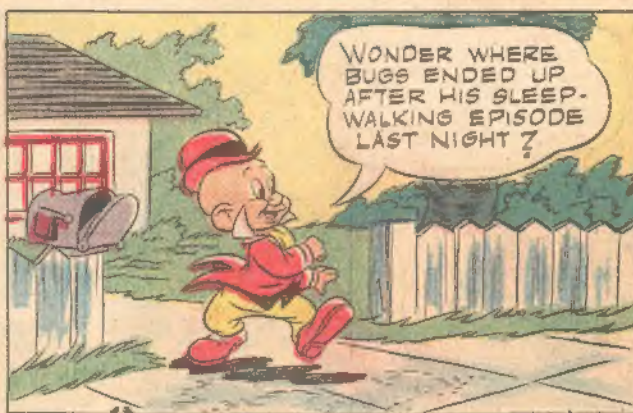
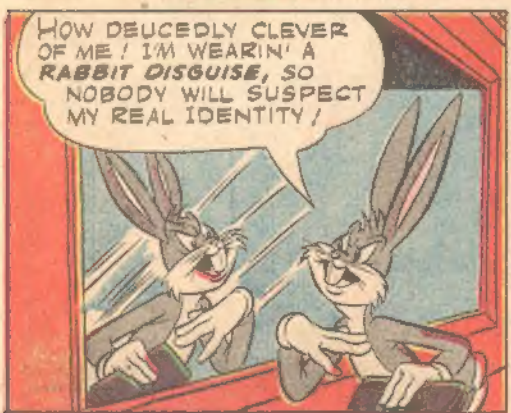
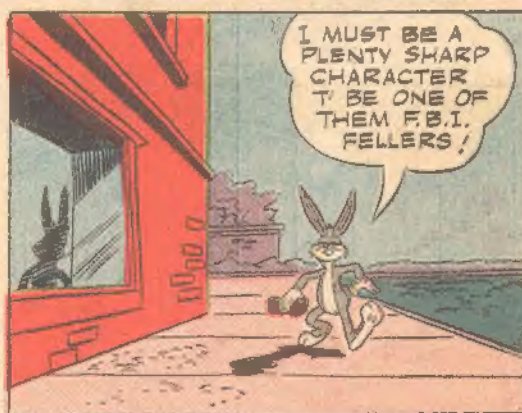
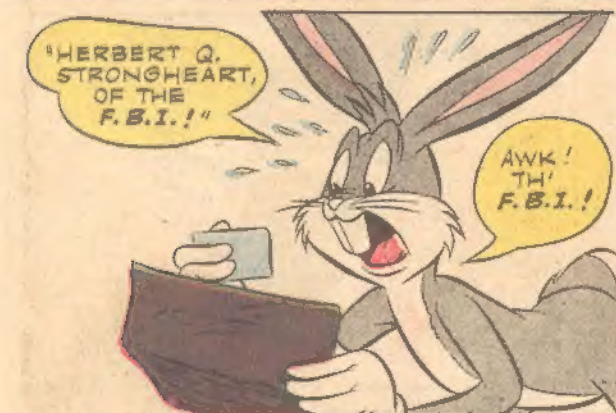
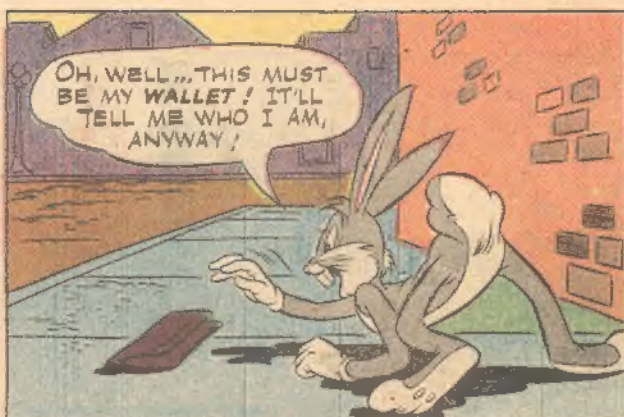
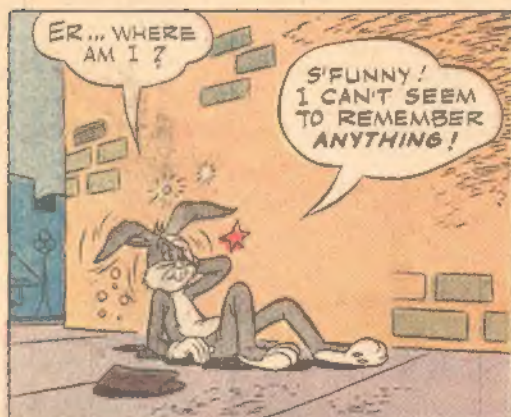
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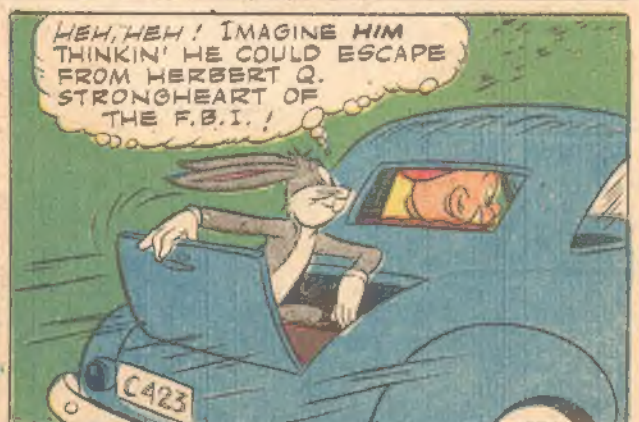
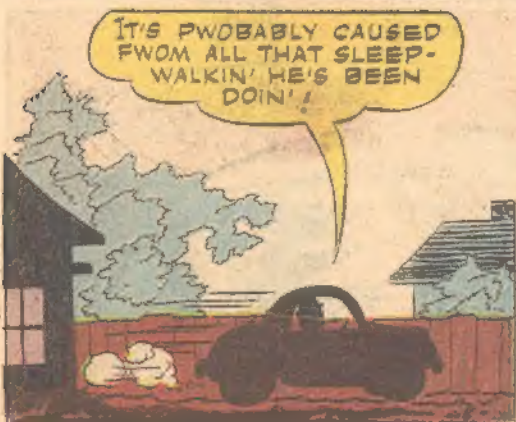
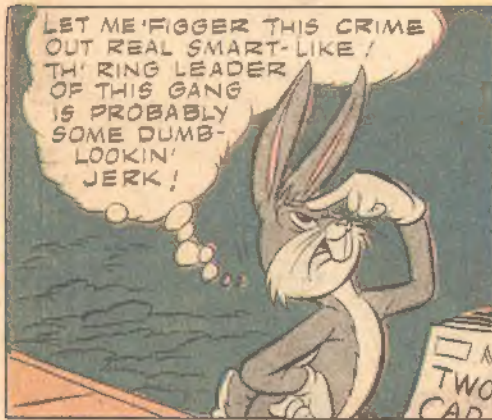
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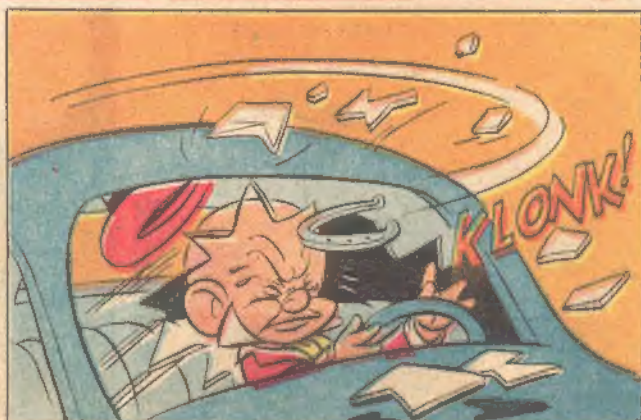
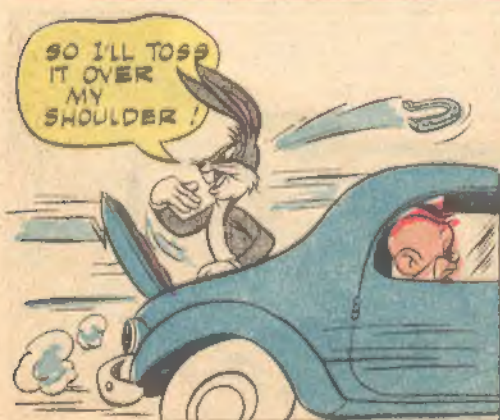
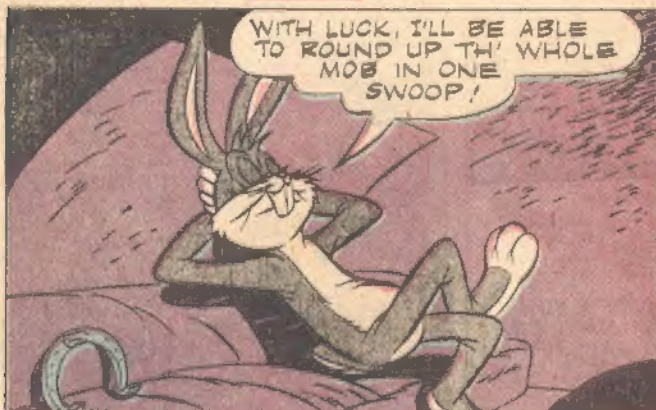
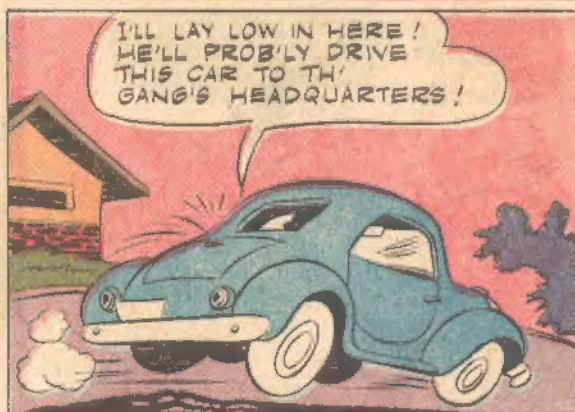
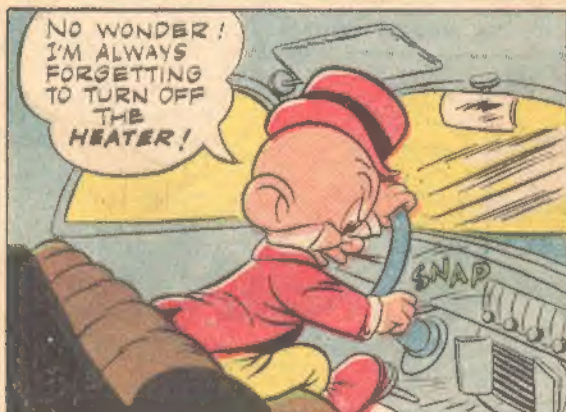
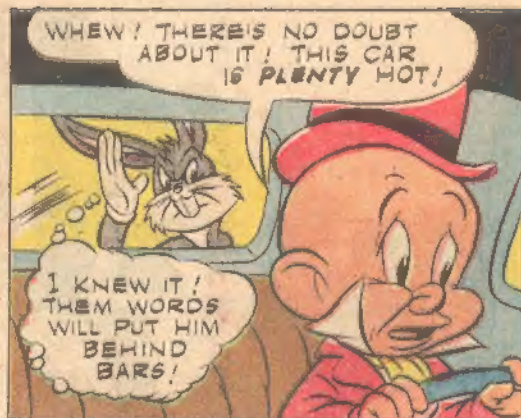
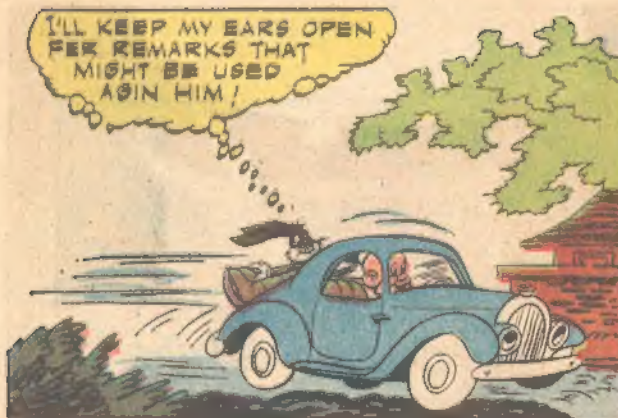
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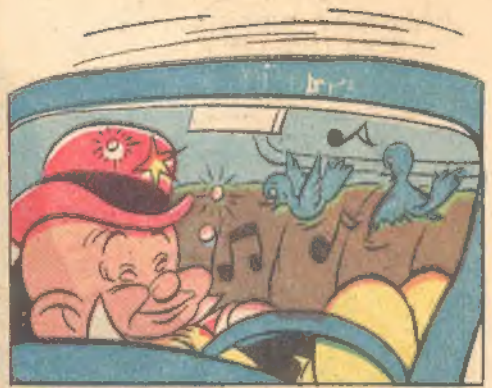








BEGORRA! I DON'T SEE ANY DRIVER IN THAT CAR! BUT THERE MUST BE SOMEONE IN IT... I HEAR SINGING!

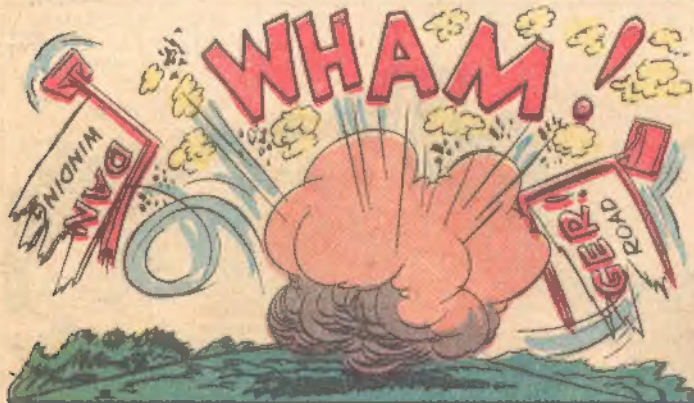


WONDER HOW MUCH FARTHER TO THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT? GETTIN' STUFFY BACK HERE!

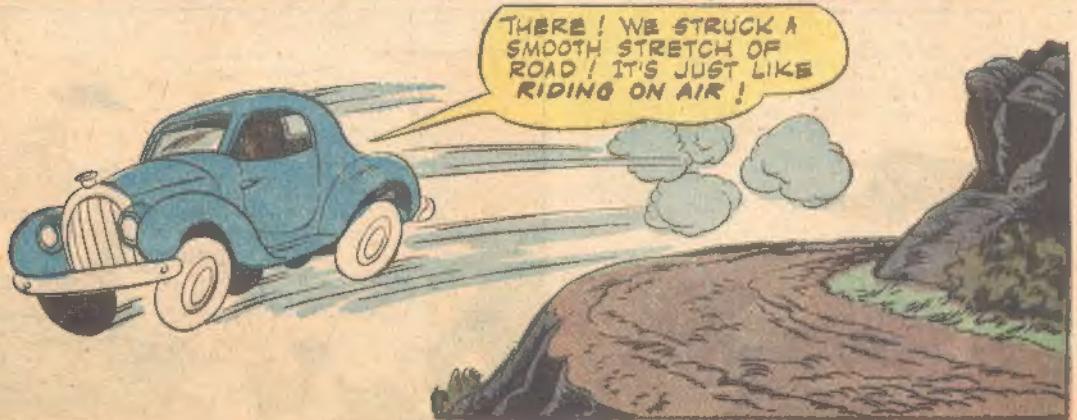


WOW! WE'RE REALLY TRAVELLIN' NOW!

DANGER!
WINDING ROAD



I WISH THAT GUY WOULD TAKE IT EASY! THIS YEGG IS REALLY A DESPERATE ONE!

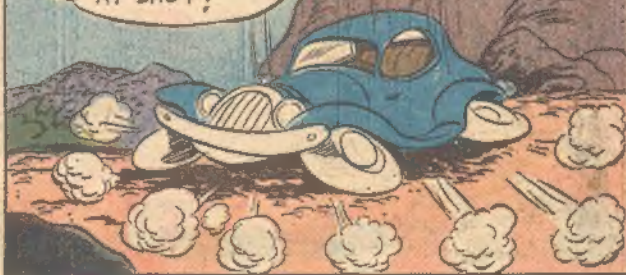


THERE! WE STRUCK A SMOOTH STRETCH OF ROAD! IT'S JUST LIKE RIDING ON AIR!

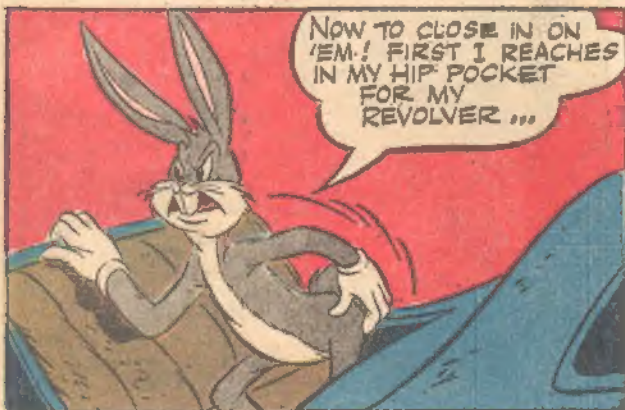
WHOOPS! GUESS
WE HIT ONE OF
THEM AIR
POCKETS!



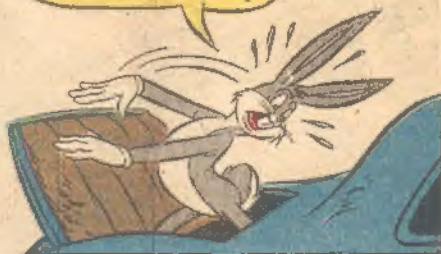
YIP! WE
SURE STOPPED
QUICK! MUSTA
REACHED TH'
GANG'S HIDE-OUT
AT LAST!



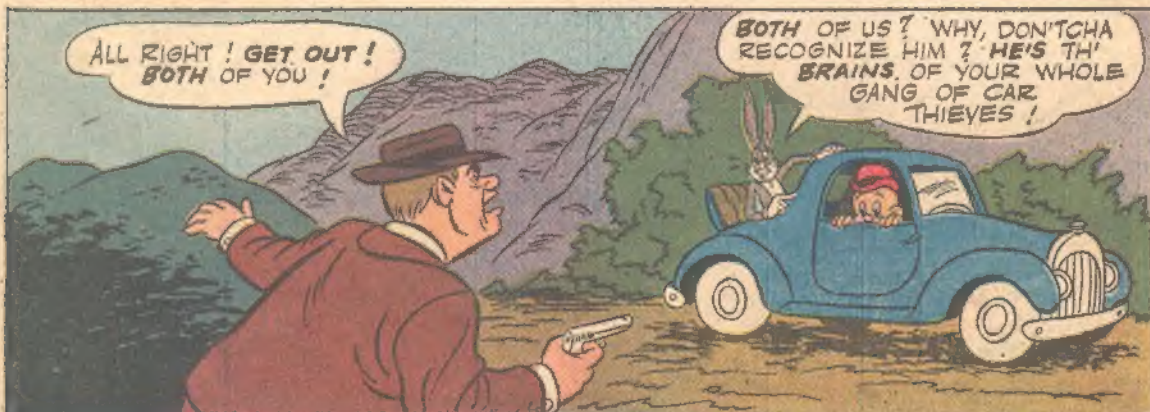
NOW TO CLOSE IN ON
'EM! FIRST I REACHES
IN MY HIP POCKET
FOR MY
REVOLVER ...



OOPS! I AIN'T GOT A
REVOLVER! FOR THAT
MATTER, I AIN'T GOT
A HIP POCKET, EITHER!
WHAT KIND OF A
G-MAN AM I?



ALL RIGHT! GET OUT!
BOTH OF YOU!



BOTH OF US? WHY, DON'TCHA
RECOGNIZE HIM? HE'S TH'
BRAINS OF YOUR WHOLE
GANG OF CAR
THIEVES!

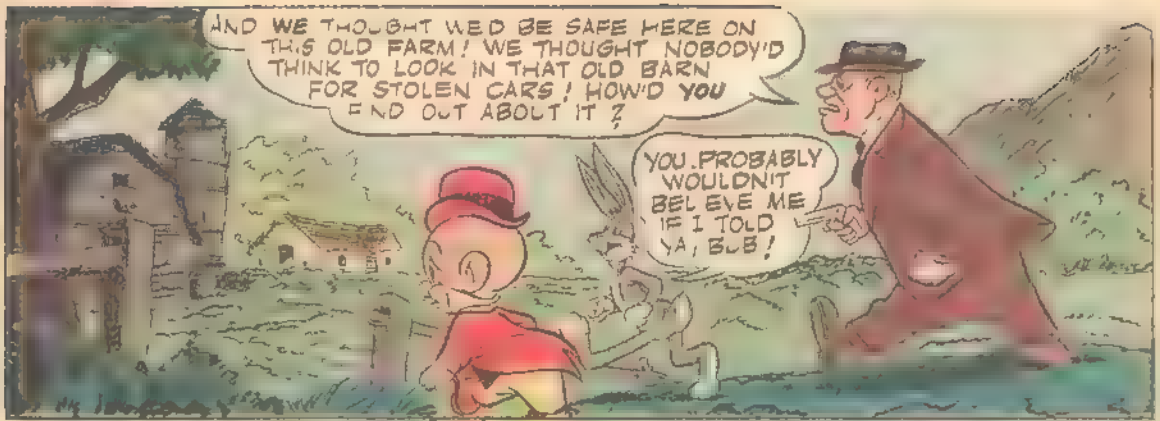
I NEVER SAW THAT LITTLE
JERK BEFORE, BUT YOU SEEM
'TO KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT
OUR BUSINESS! START
WALKIN'!



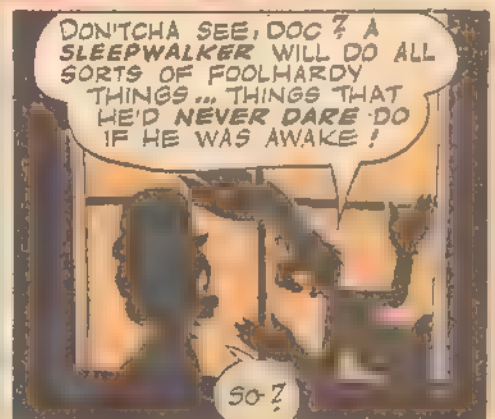
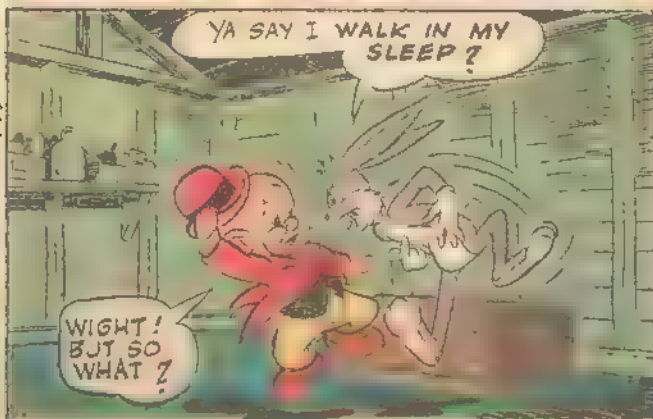
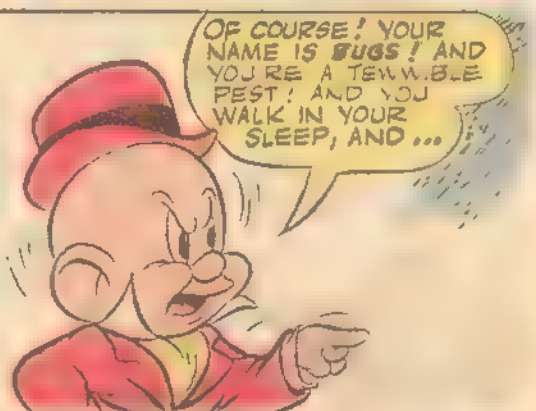
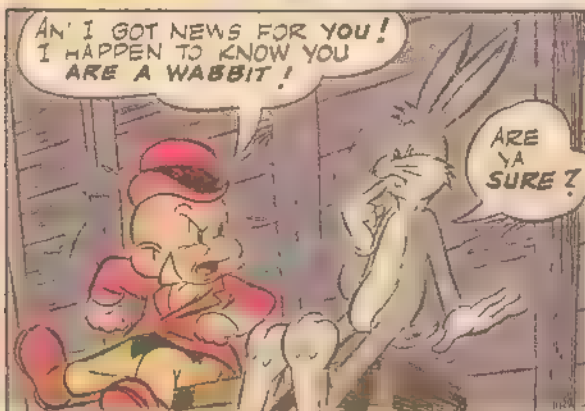
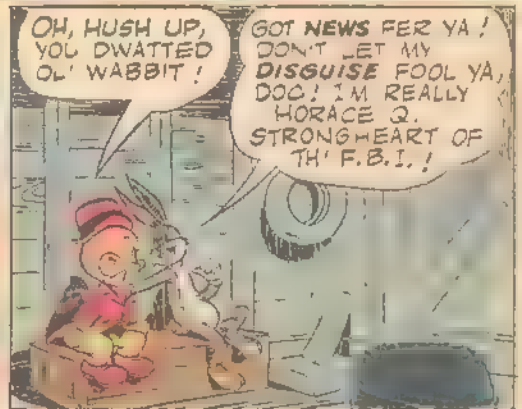
HOW'D YOU FELLERS FIND OUT ABOUT
OUR HIDE-OUT?

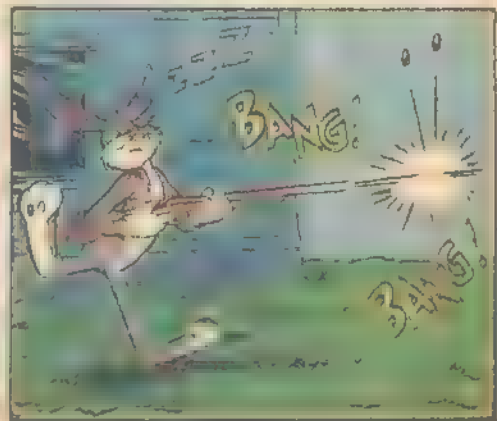
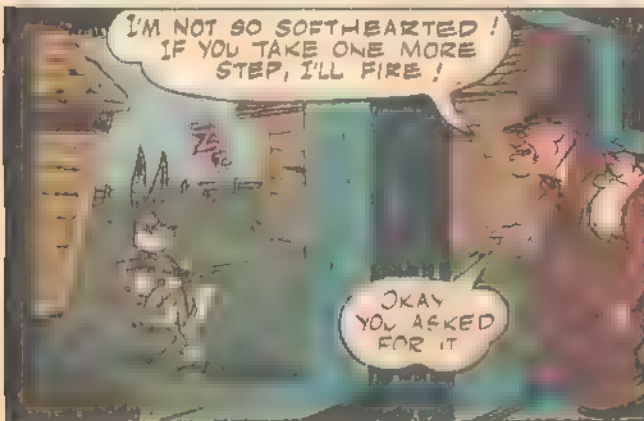
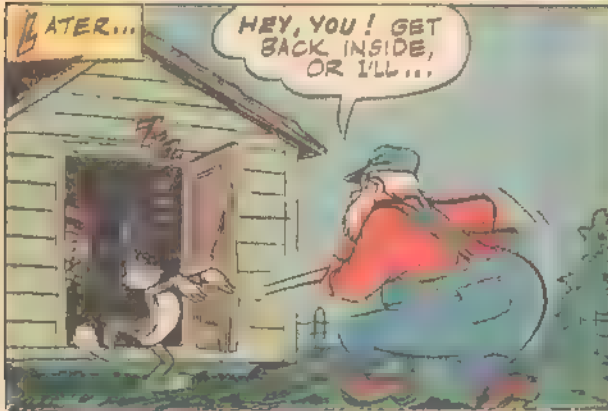
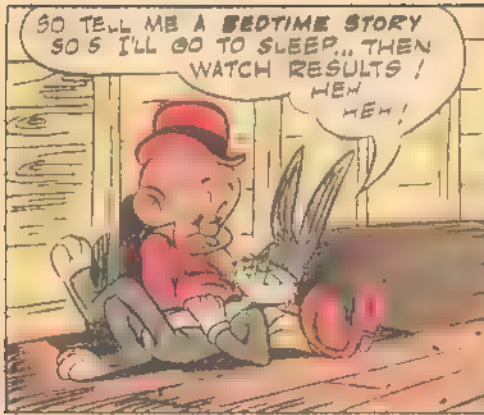
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ELEMENTAL!

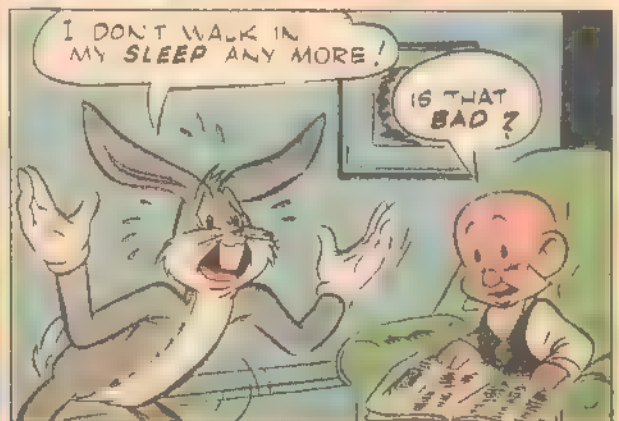
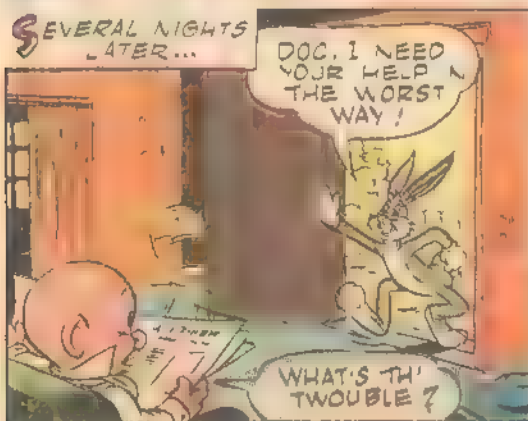
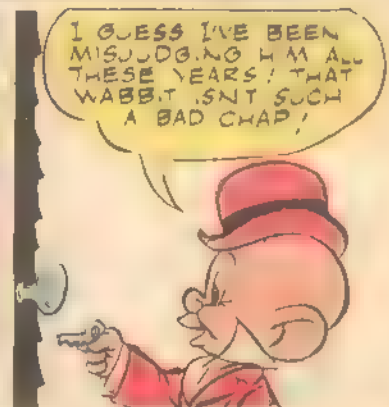
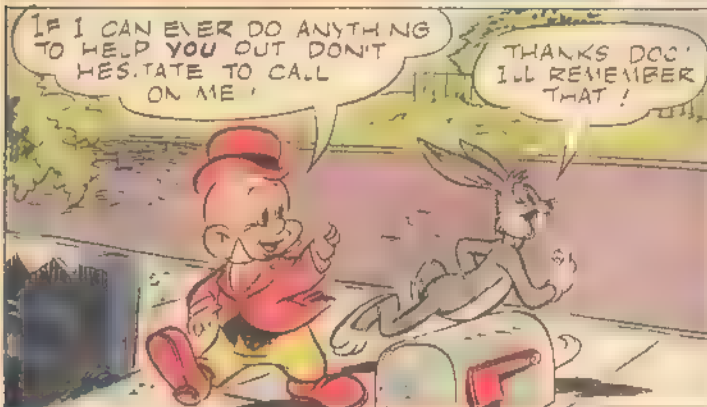
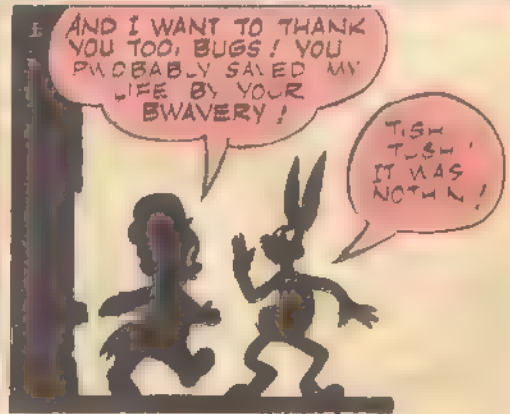
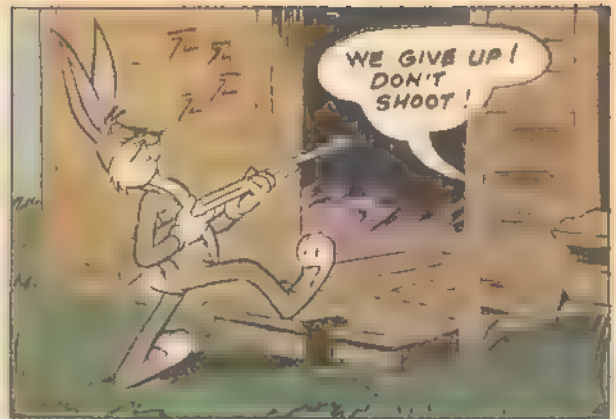
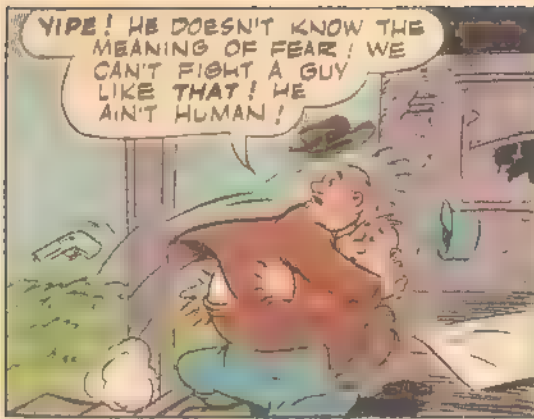


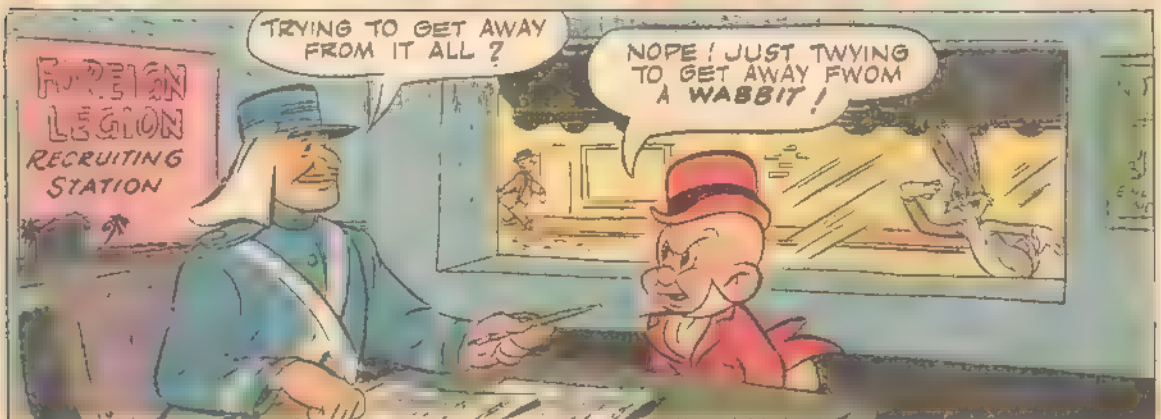
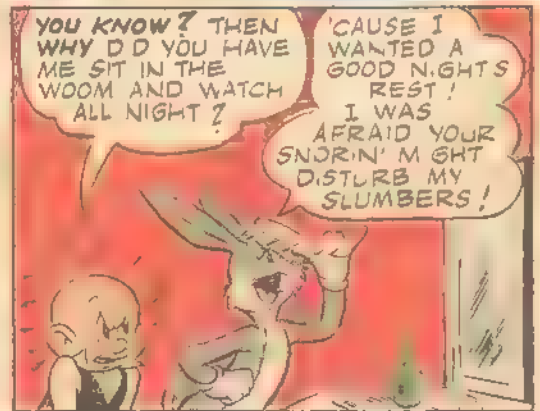
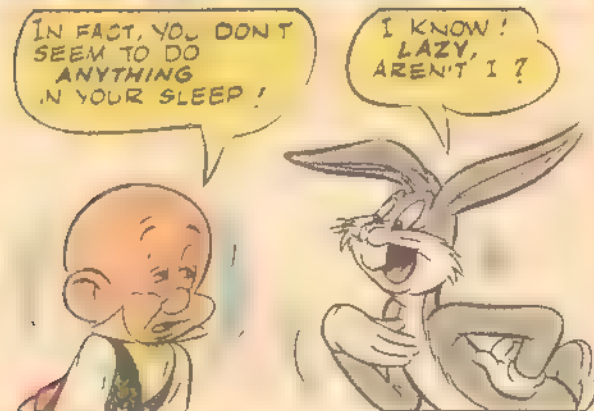
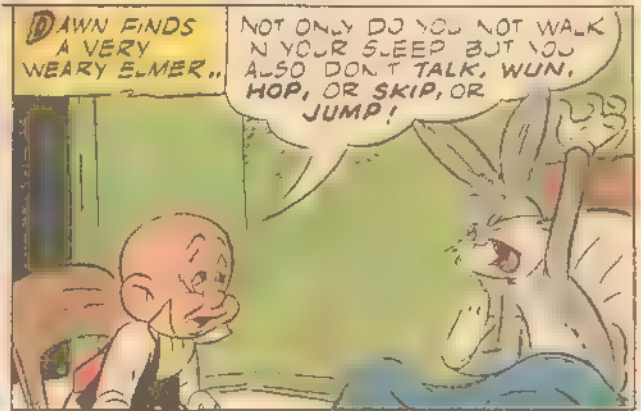
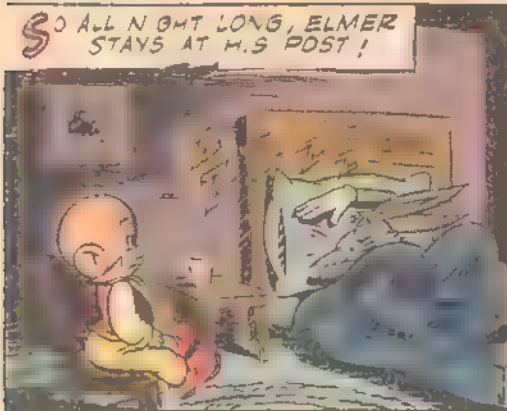
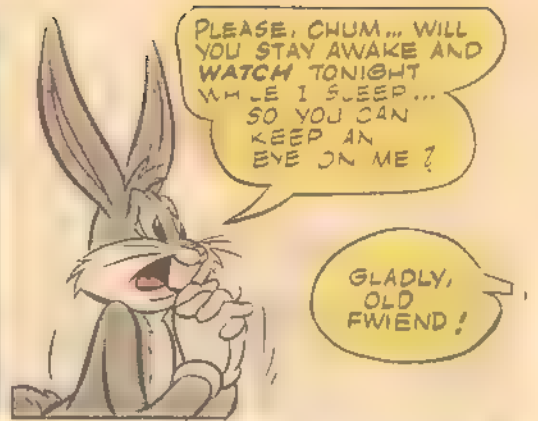
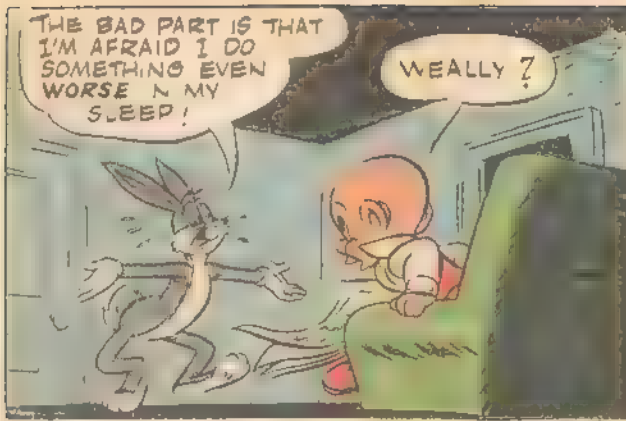


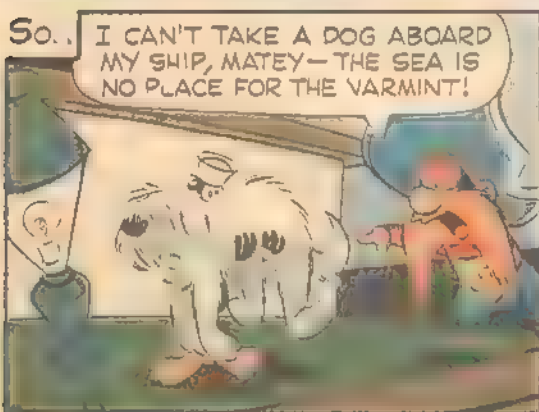
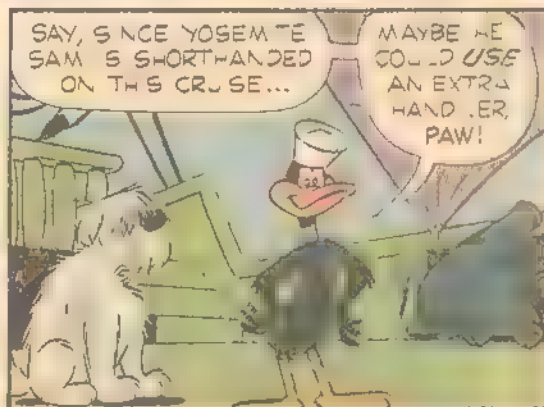
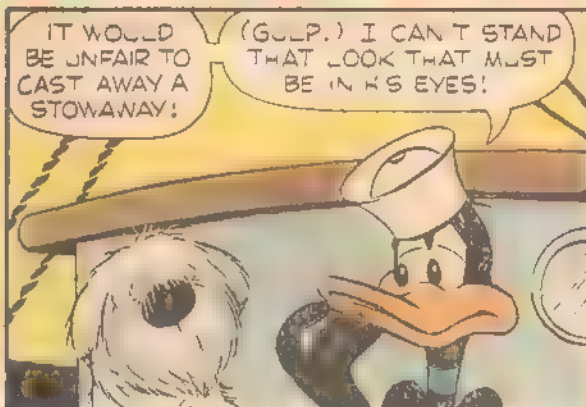
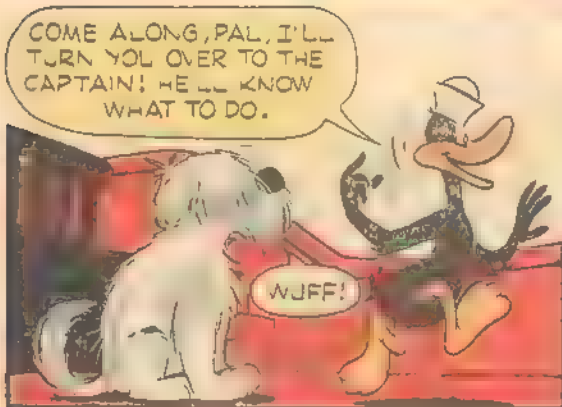
THE BOYS ARE LOCKED IN THE WOODSHED, WITH A GUARD POSTED OUTSIDE...

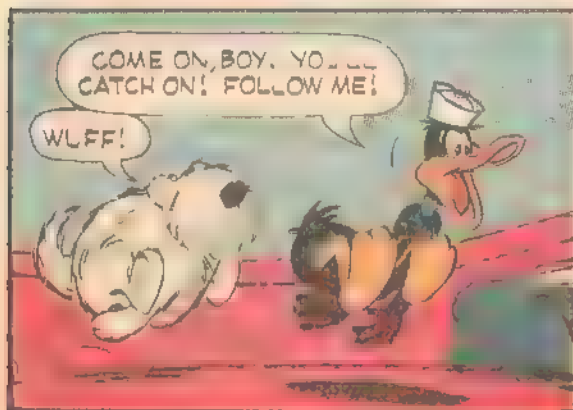
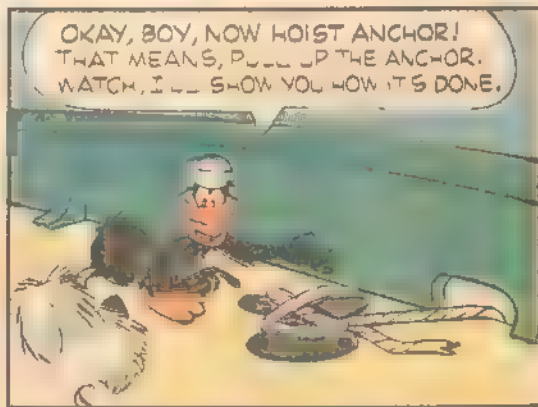


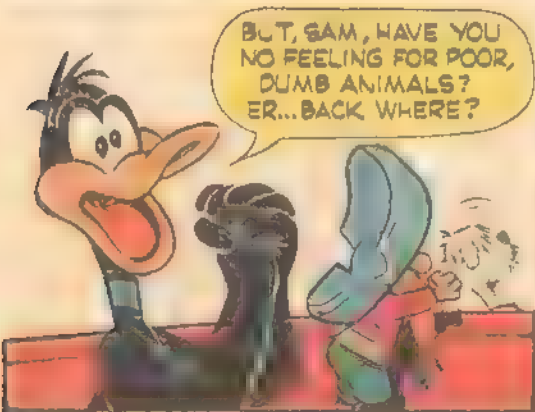
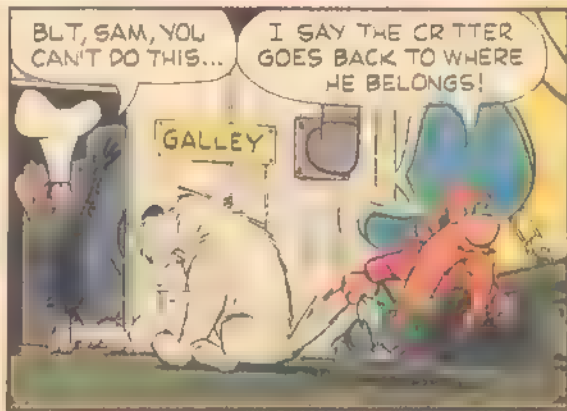
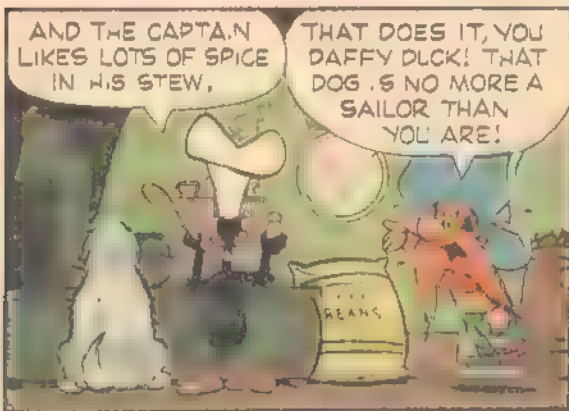
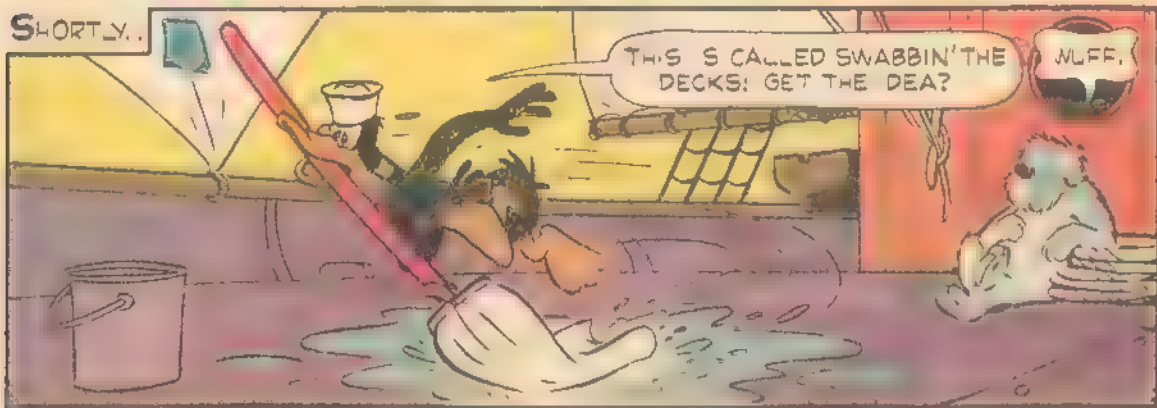
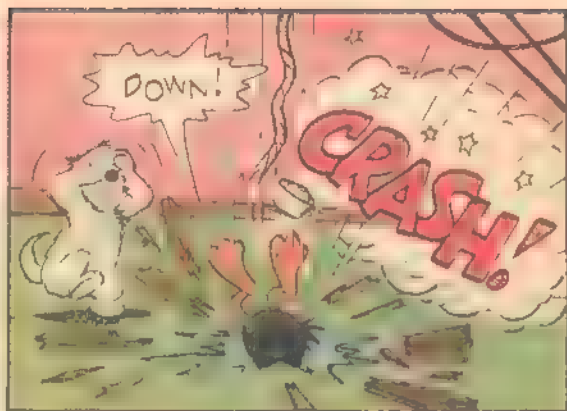
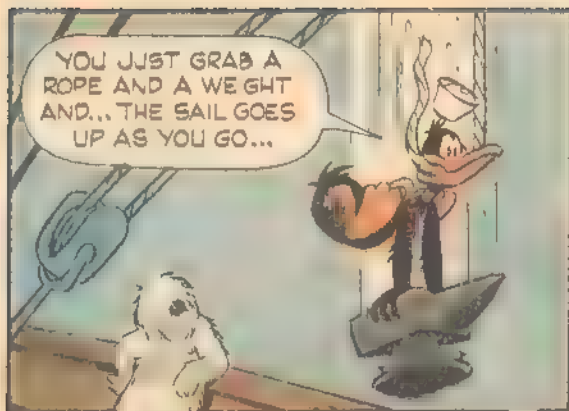


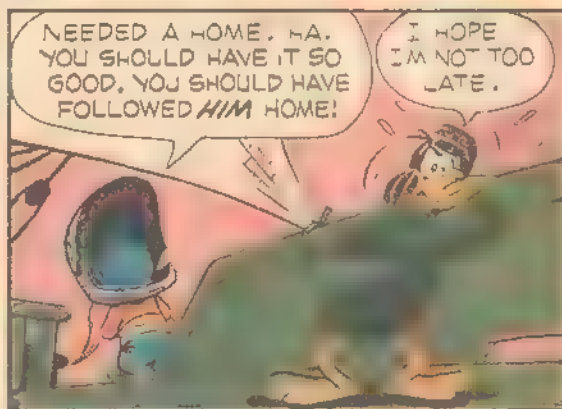
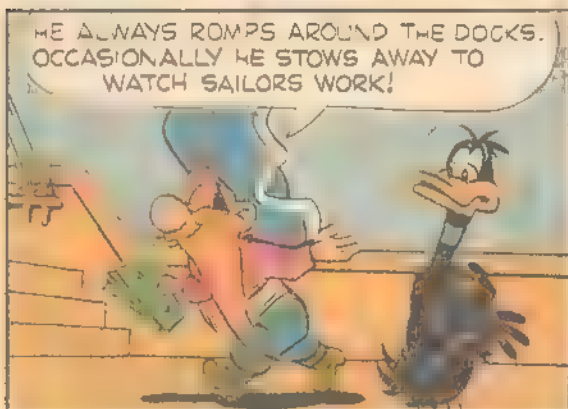
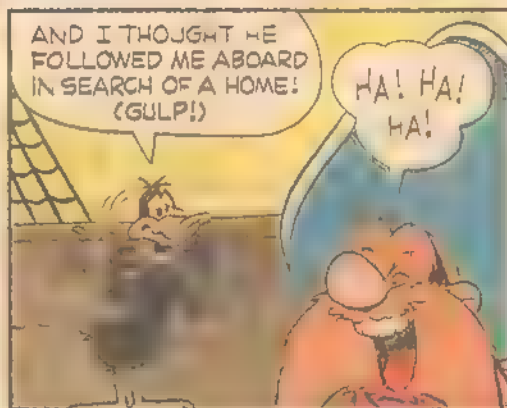
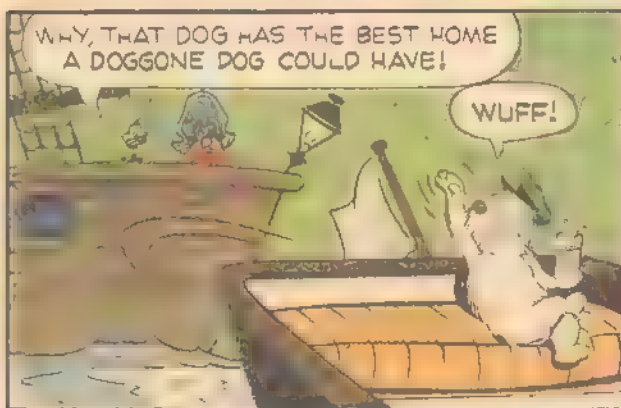
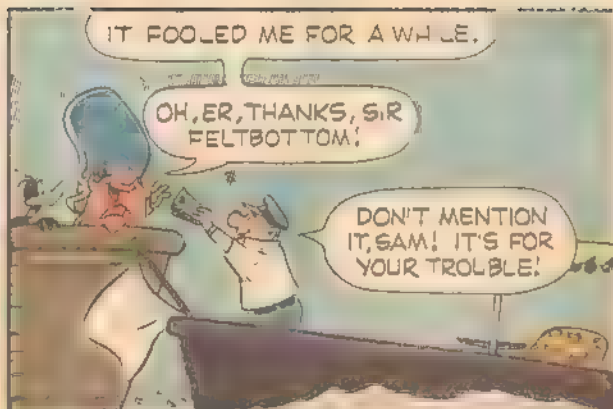
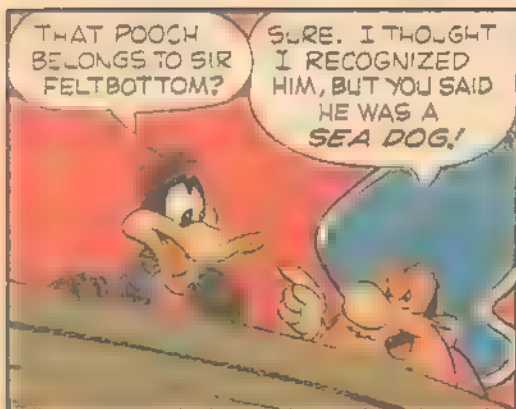












SPLASH!



BUGS BUNNY

BUGS, YOU CLEVER,
CLEVER BUNNY!
HEH, HEH!

BALL GAME
TODAY!
LADIES
FREE!

OOPS! STRONG
WIND TODAY!

ALLOW ME TO
RETRIEVE YOUR
HANKY, MADAM!

OH,
THANKEE
KINDLY, S.R.!

OH, NO, YOU WON'T!
I'LL GET THE LADY
HER HANDKERCHIEF!

GRRRR

PLEASE, GENTS!
DON'T FIGHT
OVER LIL' OL
ME! HEH HEH!

BAM!

WHAM!

I SHOULDA LISTENED TO TH'
GAME AT HOME ON TH' RADO!
AT LEAST, I COULDA
HEARD IT!

GETTING IN SHAPE



"Ha, ha! You can't catch wittle me, you nassy ol' puddy tat," taunted Tweety.

"I'll get you," vowed Sylvester, scrambling over a chair and table. "I'll catch you if it takes the rest of my life!"

"It might," Tweety chuckled as he flew just out of Sylvester's reach. "You not in best shape, you know, puddy."

"I'd be in a lot better shape if I could make you into a canary sandwich," retorted Sylvester, drooling.

For the next half-hour, Sylvester chased Tweety through Granny's house. Under the tables and over the chairs they went . . . upstairs and downstairs. Still Tweety managed to stay out of Sylvester's grasp.

"Ooooh (groan), I'm so out of condition," sighed Sylvester, flopping like a damp rag onto the couch. "But I'll get you (gasp) some day (gasp)," he panted.

"It no fun being chased by a tired ol' puddy tat all the time!" complained Tweety. "Why don't you take up some sport and develop a wittle stamina, puddy?"

"I just might do that, you smart aleck bird," yawned Sylvester.

In the evening, when Granny had finished reading the paper, Tweety looked at the advertising section.

"Hey, puddy, here's something might interest you," he called out.

"Huh? Hmmm . . . what?" mumbled Sylvester half asleep.

"Listen," Tweety told him. "Me read . . . 'Does your life lack vim, vigor and vitality? Do you fail to achieve your goals because of fatigue? Join our golfing club and build up your stamina and strength the natural way. Call EX. 9-3212.'"

"I t'ought you'd wike to hear that," Tweety said, putting down the paper.

"Why don't you call that number for me and find out what it's all about?" said Sylvester sleepily.

"Oh, no," Tweety replied. "I did my part, you lazy puddy."

"Oh, all right," grumbled Sylvester, dragging himself to the telephone.

He talked to someone for several minutes and hung up. "I'm going tomorrow to see how I like it," he told Tweety.

The next morning, Tweety awakened bright and early. Sylvester was still sleeping.

"Doodness, I must get puddy tat off to the golf club," thought Tweety.

Every morning, for the next few weeks, it was the same. Tweety got Sylvester up and shooed him out of the house so he wouldn't miss his golf lesson. And each day, Sylvester came home too exhausted to move.

"Doodness, this is tewwible!" said Tweety. "Now puddy tat too tired to chase me at all."

But Tweety was in for a surprise. After a few more weeks, Sylvester began to gain in strength. Before long he was in good condition again. It was all Tweety could do to keep out of his clutches.

"This daily exercise has put me back in shape," grinned Sylvester, chasing Tweety out onto the golfing green.

"I should not have opened my wittle mouth!" Tweety panted. "But I know you, puddy. This golfing won't last long. Soon you be ol' lazy self again!"

"Meanwhile, I'm out to get me a birdie," chortled Sylvester, "and I don't mean a golf-type birdie — I mean a Tweety-birdie!"

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR
DEMAND

bugs bunny

in the
FOREIGN LEGION

WHEW! I KNEW IT GOT VEWY HOT ON THE
DESERT, BUT I HAD NO IDEA
IT WAS THIS BAD!

FOREIGN
LEGION
Post Z

SOMETIMES I WONDER IF I DID WIGHT...
JOINING THE LEG ON, JUST TO GET W.D OF
THAT SCWEWBALL
WABBIT!

BUT I'D DO ANYTHING TO BE FWEE
AT LAST OF THAT PEST, AN'...

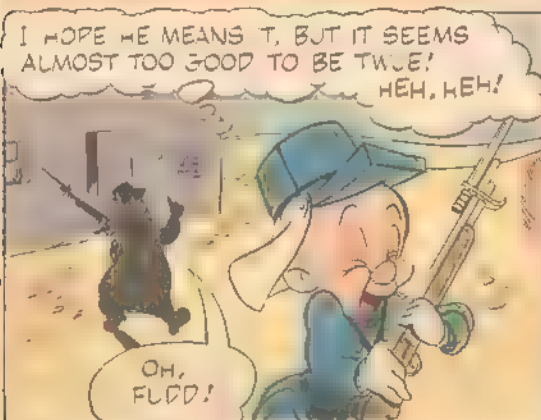
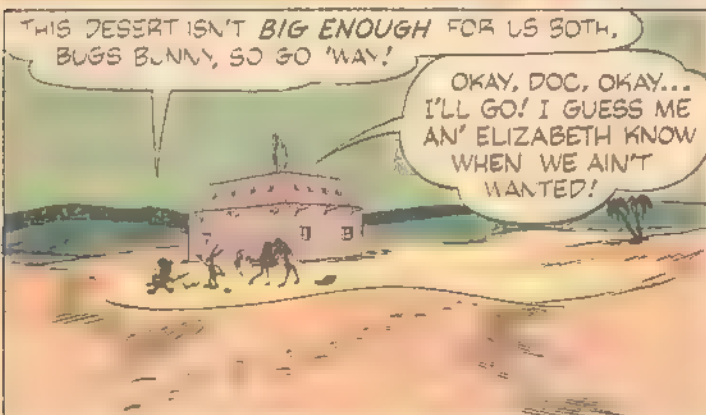
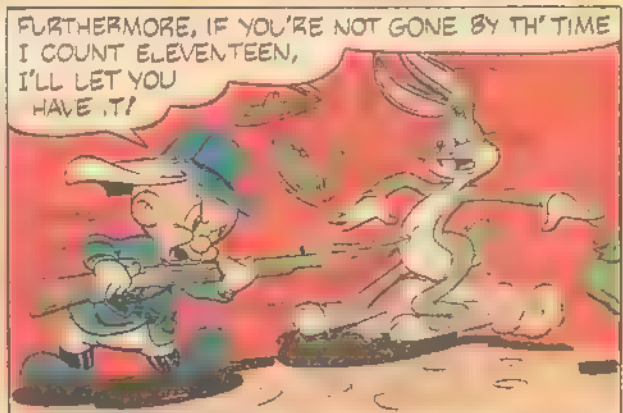
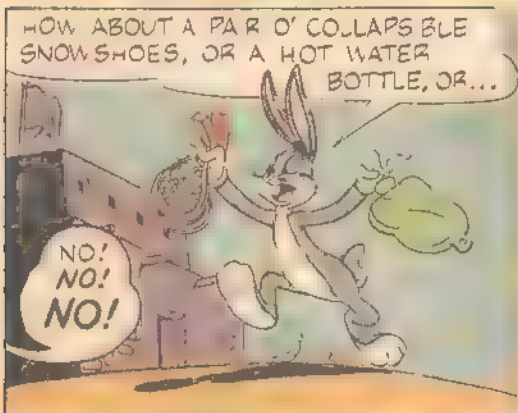
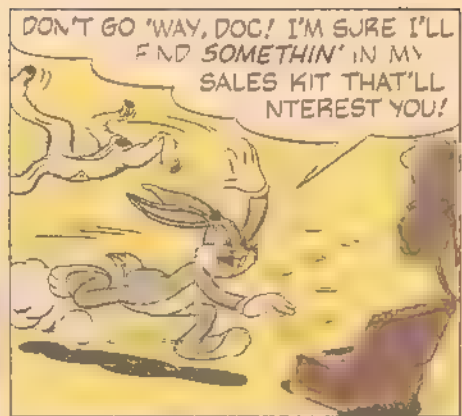
OH, NO!
IT CAN'T
BE!

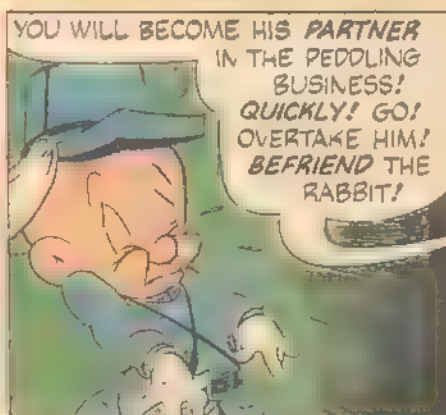
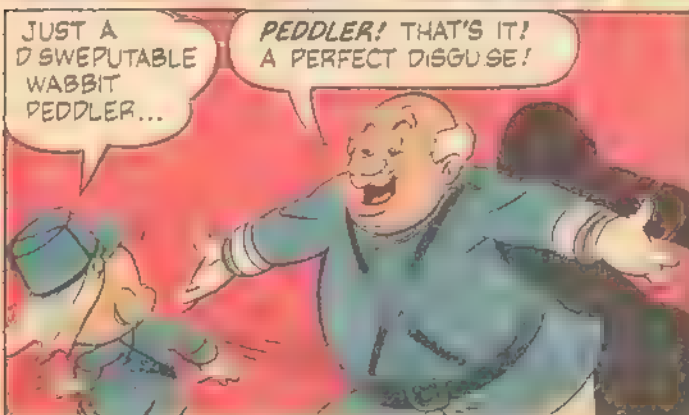
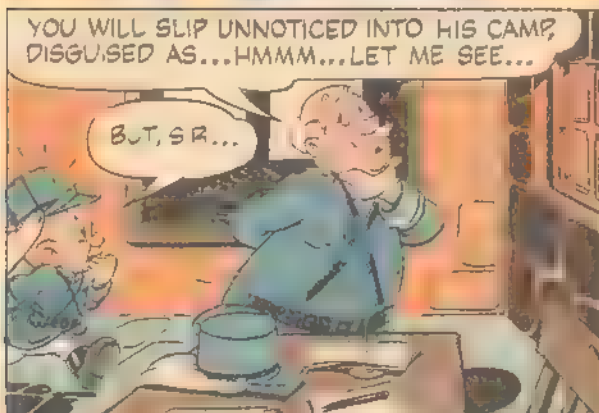
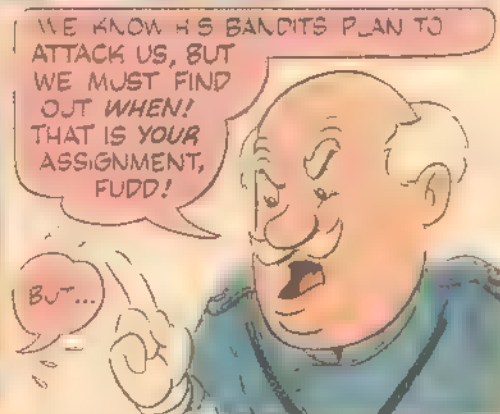
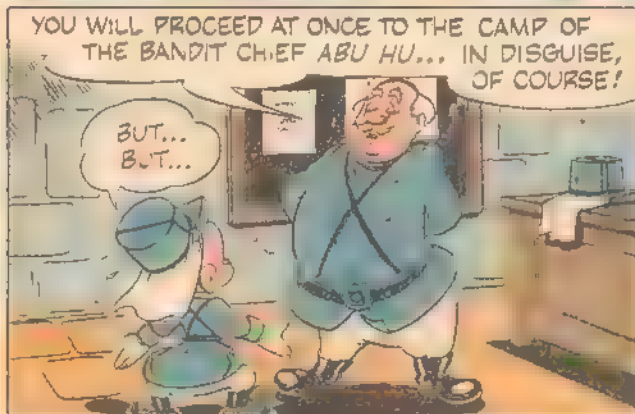
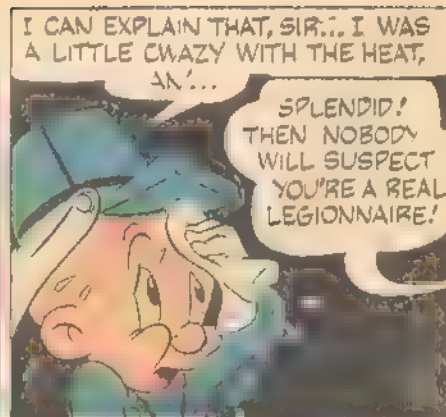
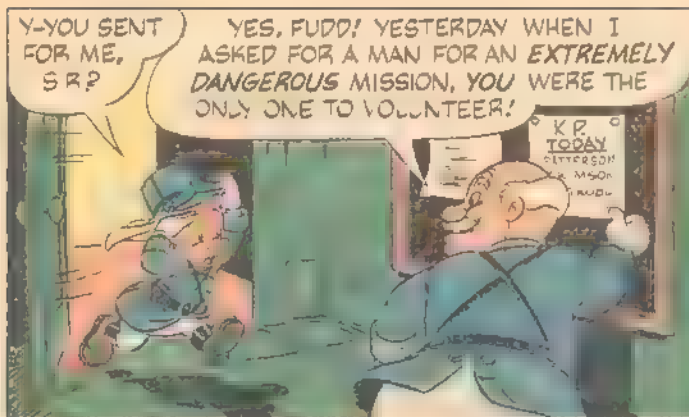
MAYBE IT'S A
MIWAGE! MAYBE
IT'LL GO AWAY!

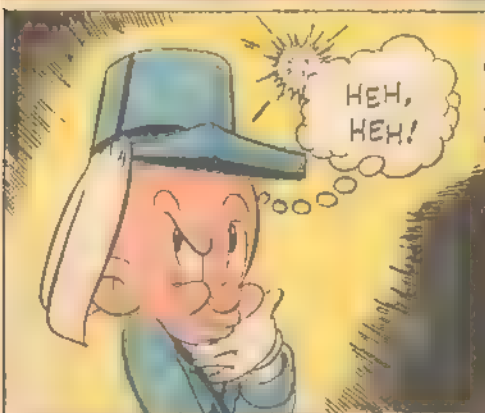
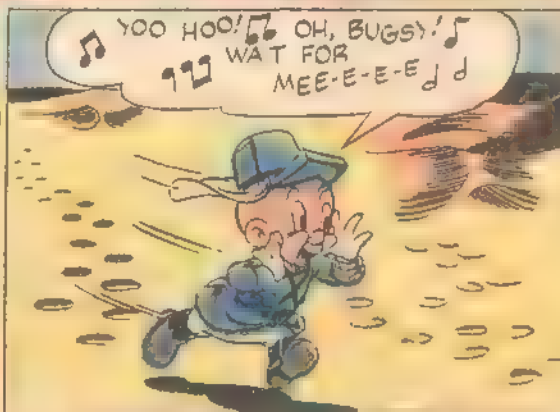
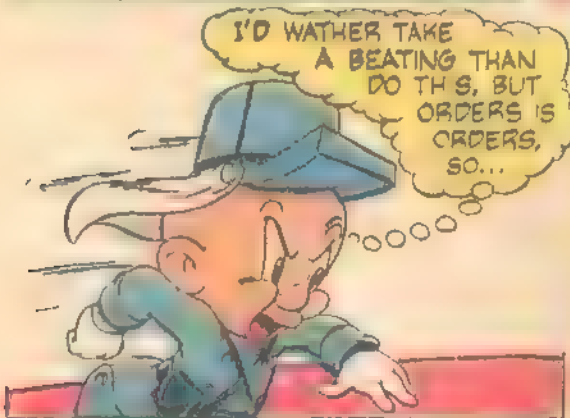
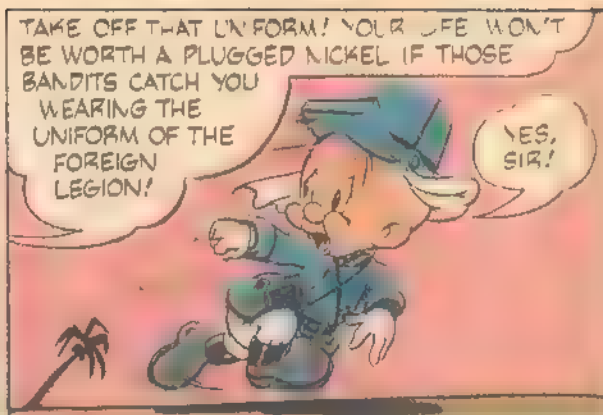
GREET'N'S AN' HALLOC NATIONS,
DOC! FANCY MEETIN'
YOU HERE!

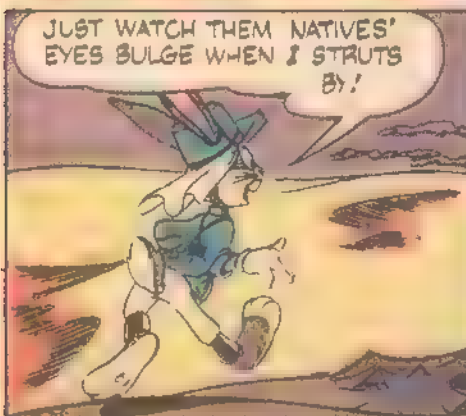
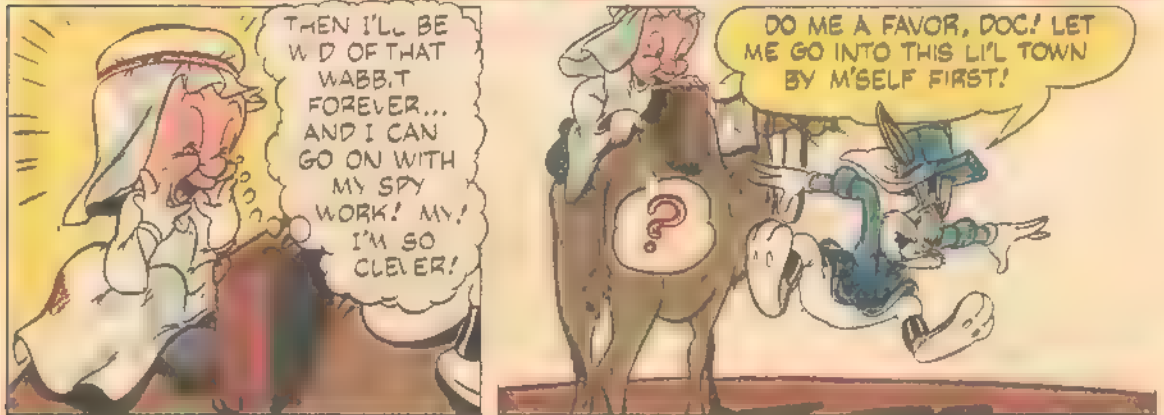
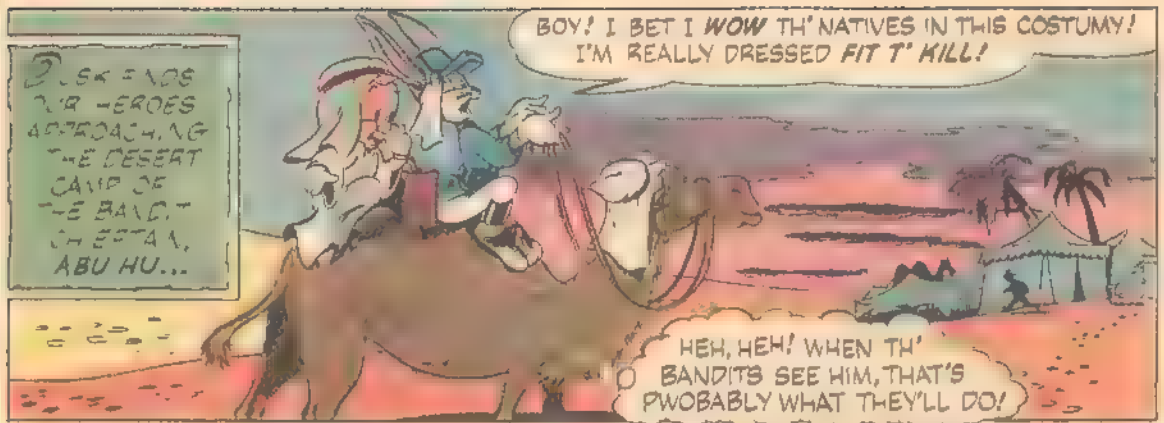
I'M TAKIN' ORDERS FOR TH' "LITTLE
SNAZZO" EGG
BEATER! COULD
I INTEREST YOU
...P

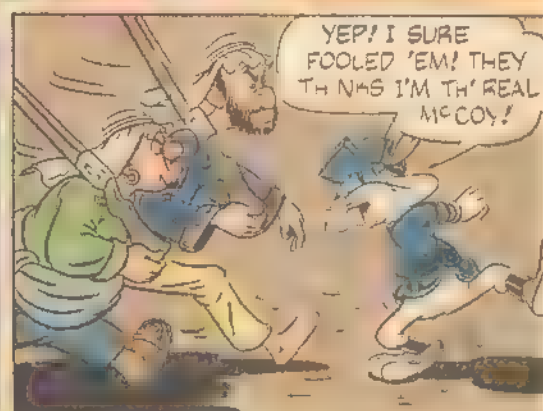
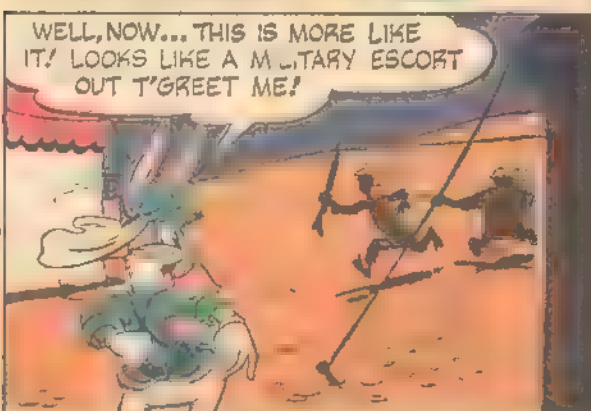
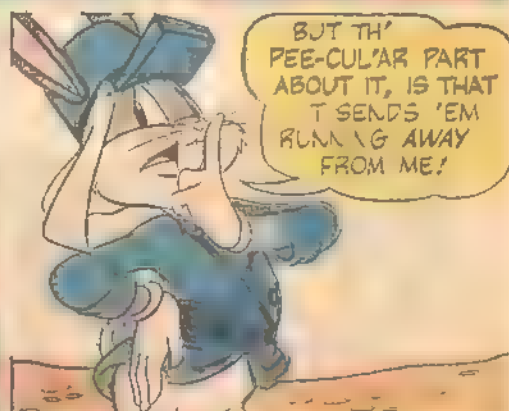
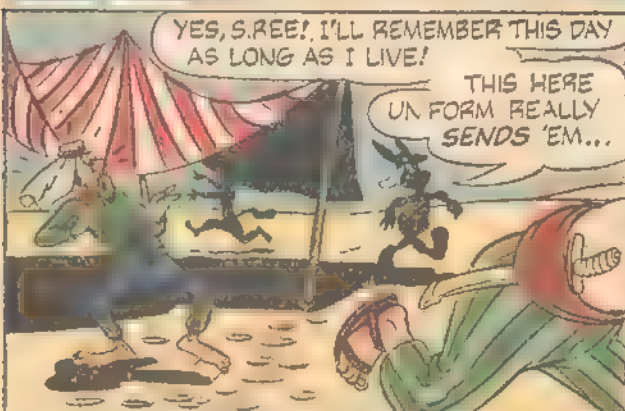
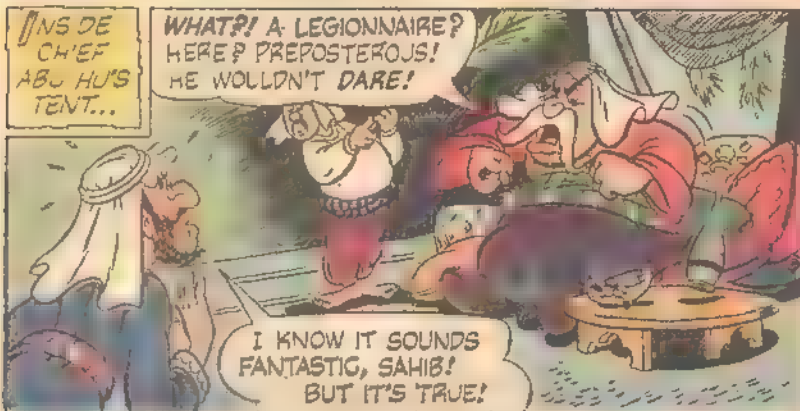
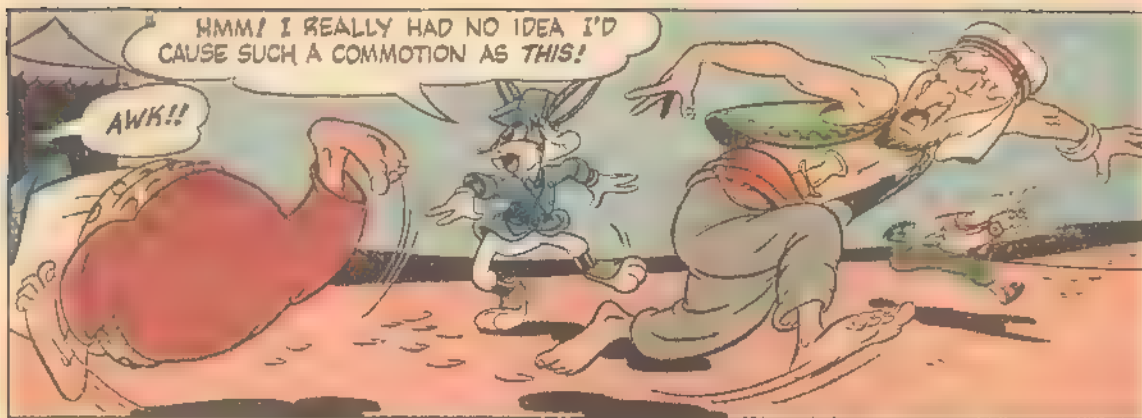
NO! AND NOBODY ELSE OUT HERE S
NTEESTED, ETHER! WE HAVEN'T EVEN
SEEN A FWESH EGG N MONTHS...
SO SCWAM!

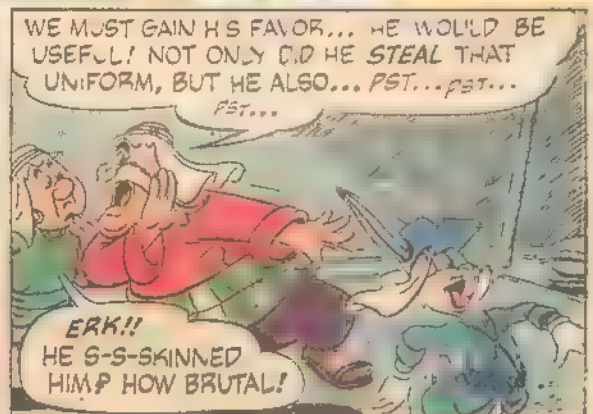
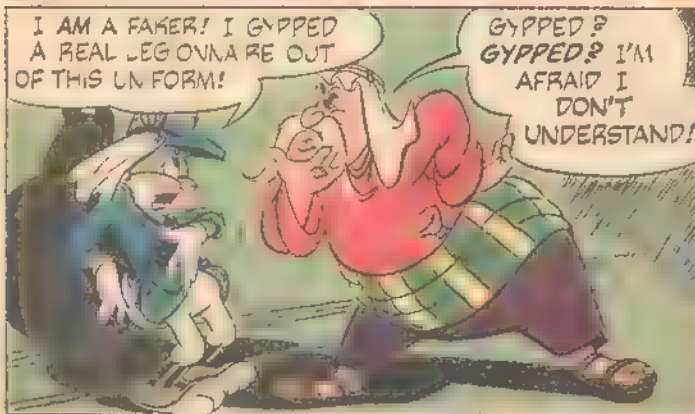








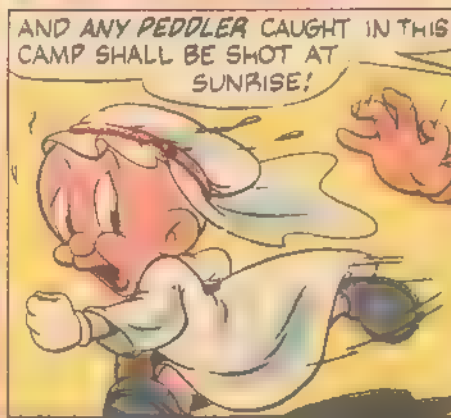
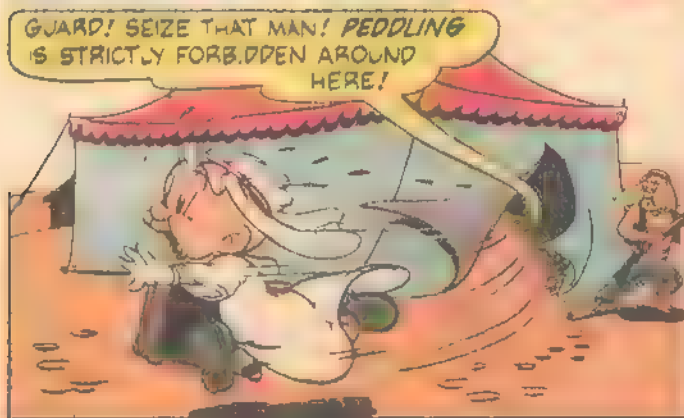
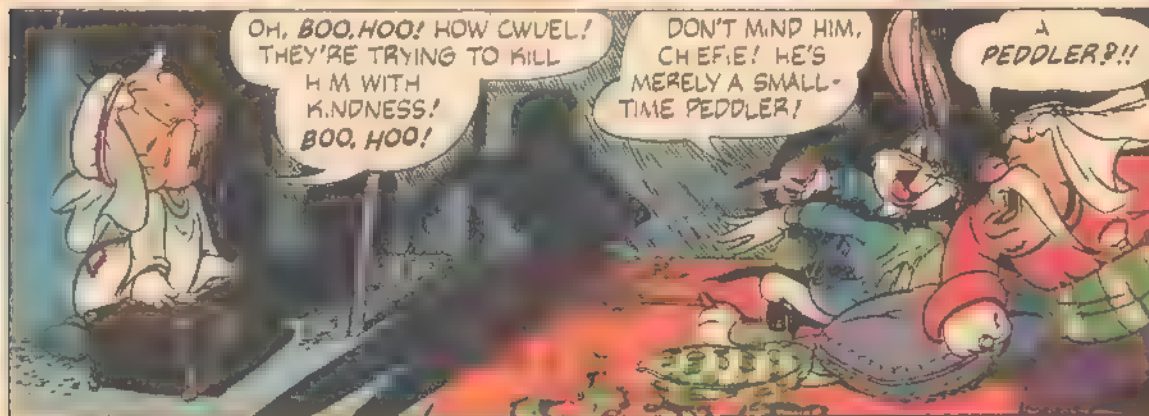
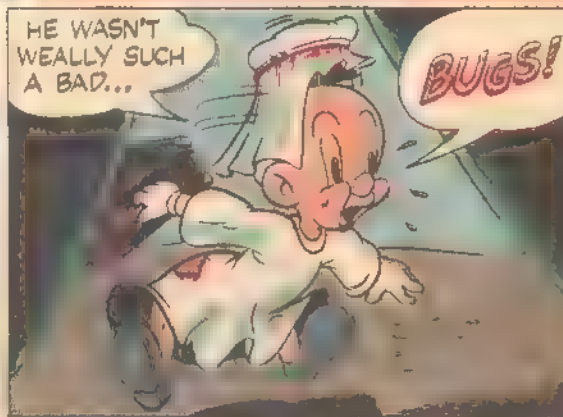
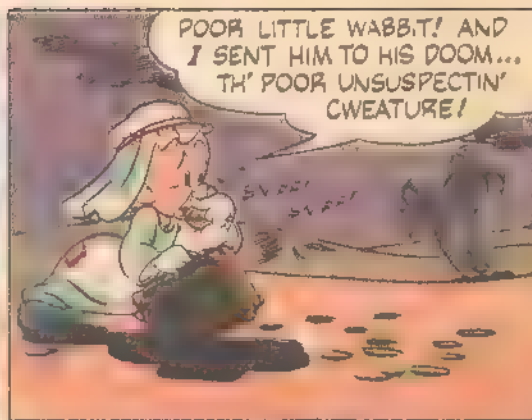
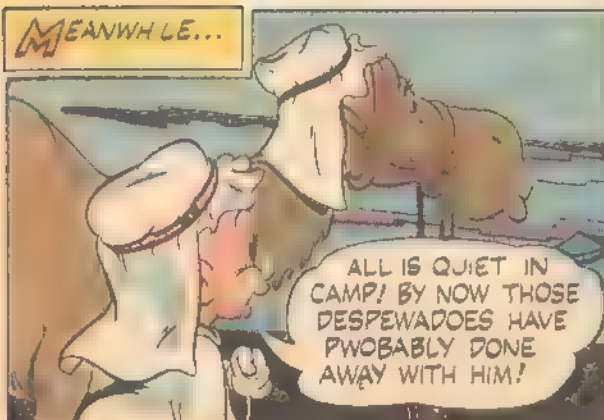


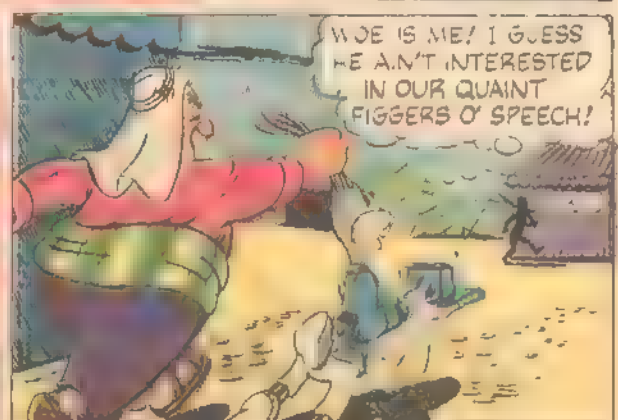
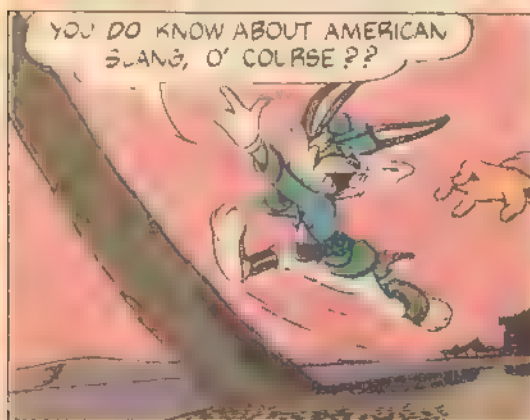
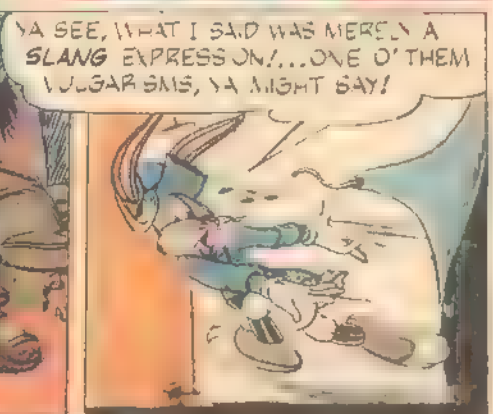
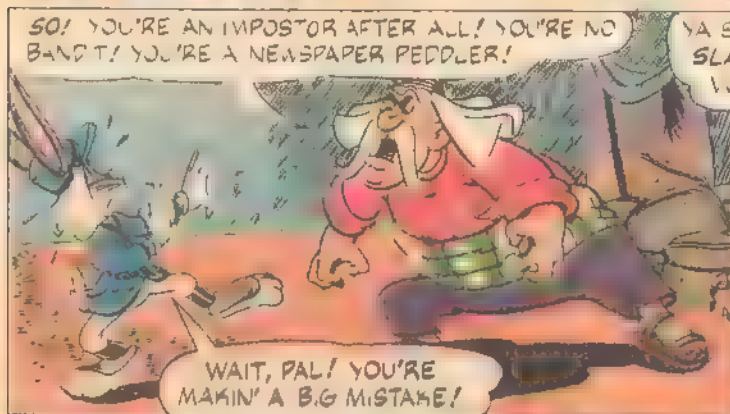
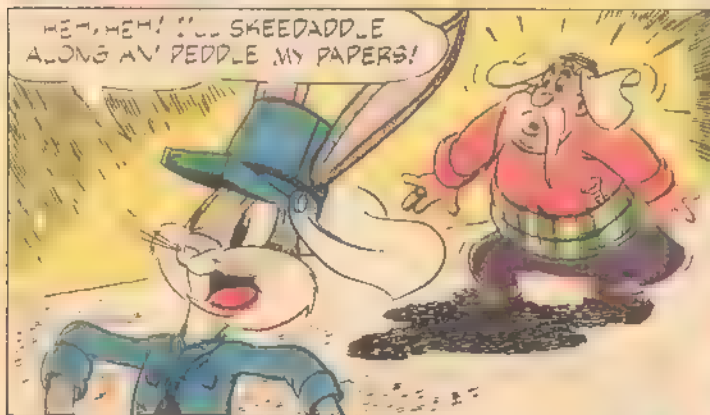
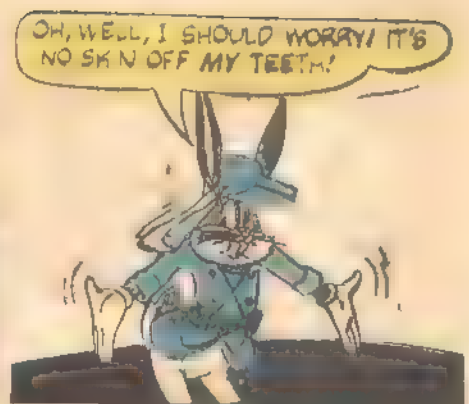
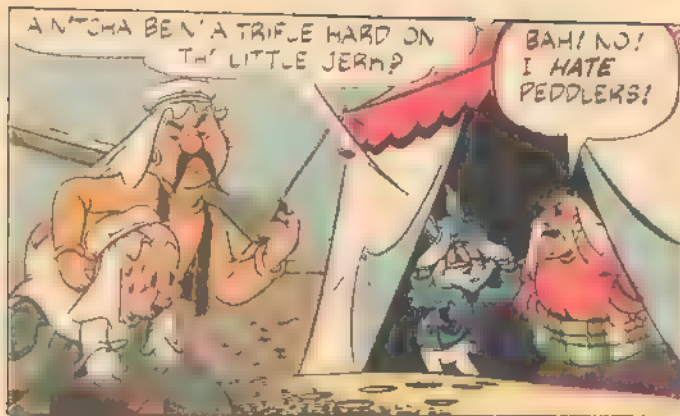


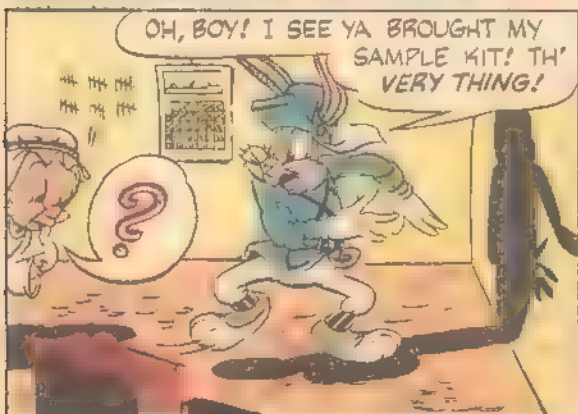
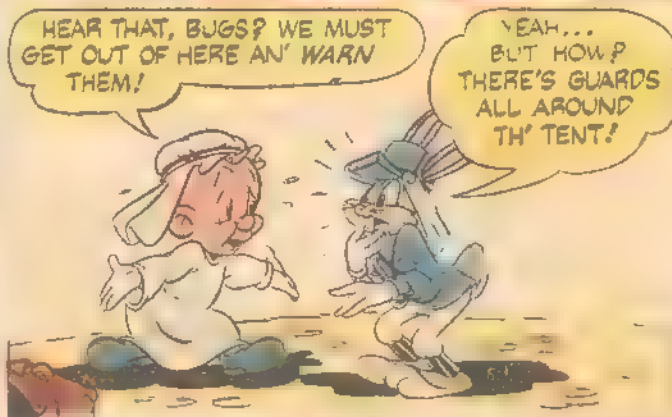
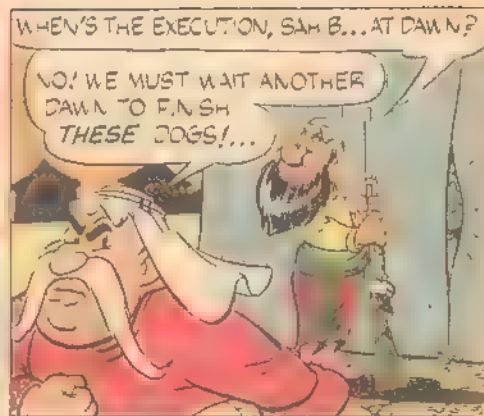
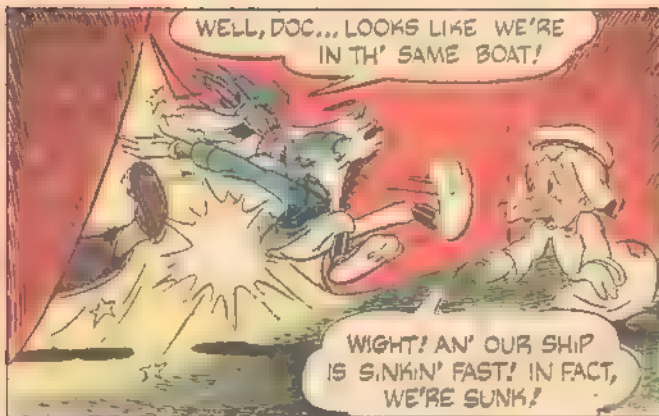
MISTAKEN FOR A DESPERATE DESERT BANDIT, BUGS IS TREATED ROYALLY...

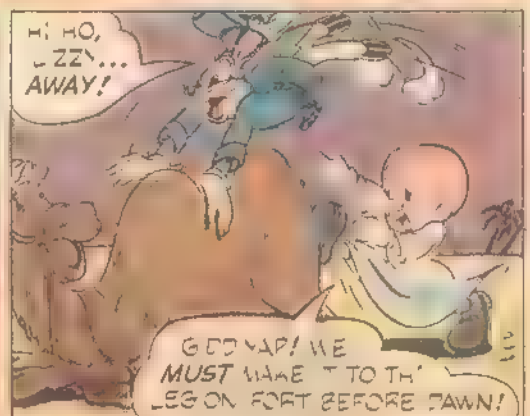
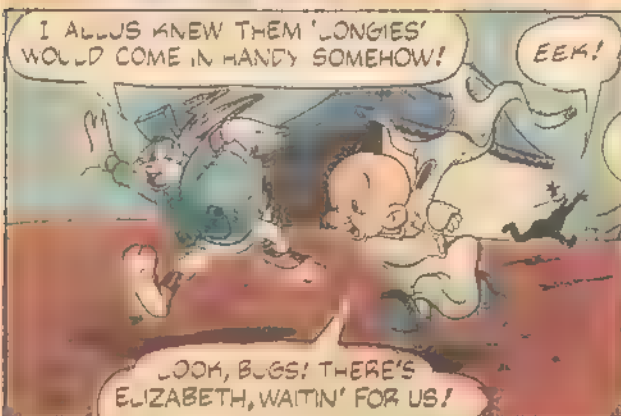
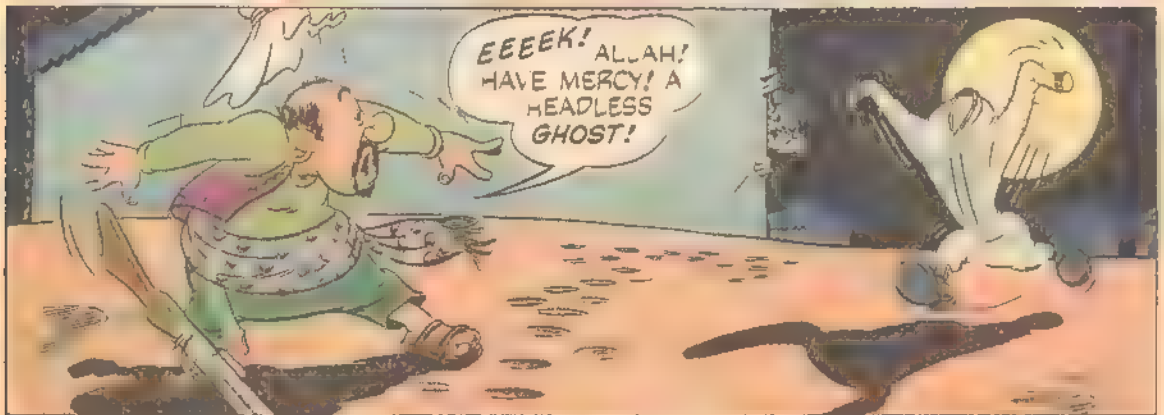
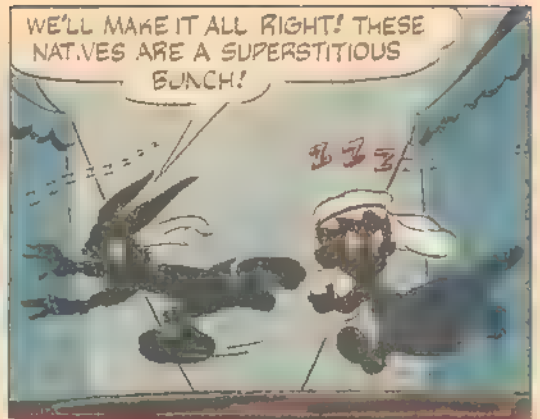
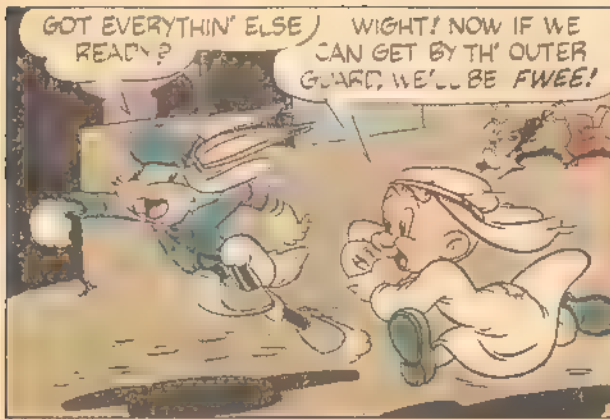


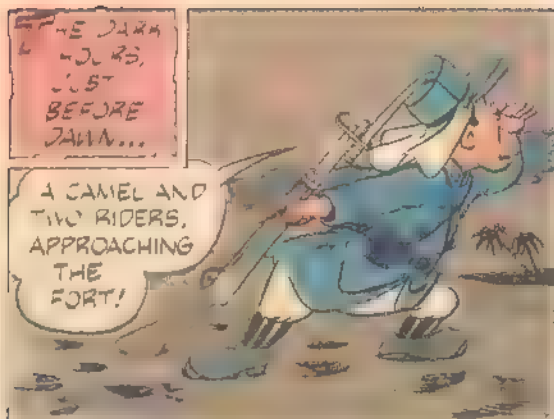
MEANWHILE...





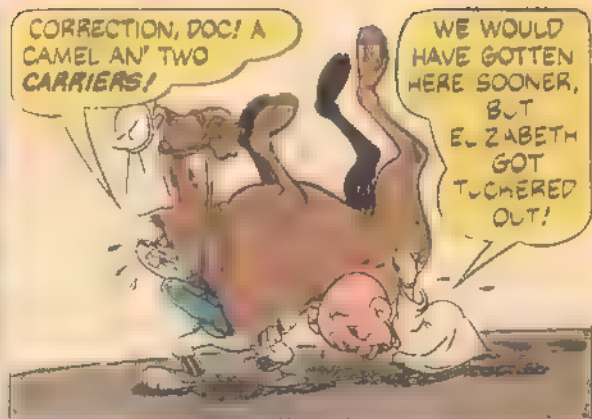






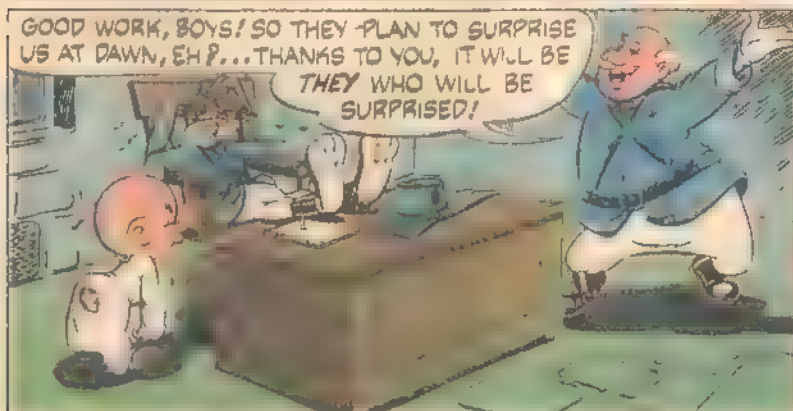
THE DARK
HORSE,
JUST
BEFORE
DAWN...

A CAMEL AND
TWO RIDERS,
APPROACHING
THE
FORT!

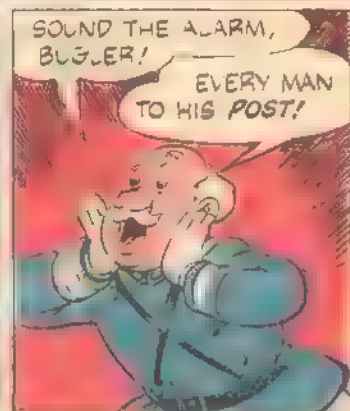


CORRECTION, DOC! A
CAMEL AN' TWO
CARRIERS!

WE WOULD
HAVE GOTTEN
HERE SOONER,
BUT
EL ZABETH
GOT
TUCKERED
OUT!



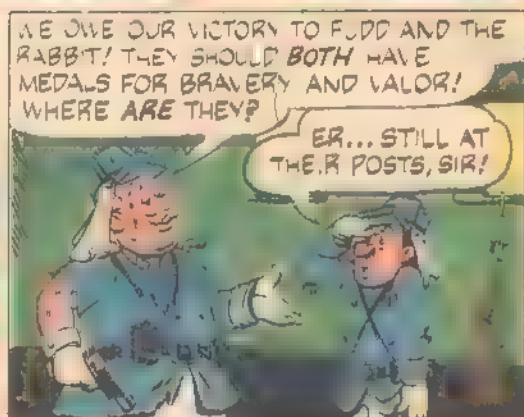
GOOD WORK, BOYS! SO THEY PLAN TO SURPRISE
US AT DAWN, EH? ... THANKS TO YOU, IT WILL BE
THEY WHO WILL BE
SURPRISED!



SOUND THE ALARM,
BUGLER!

EVERY MAN
TO HIS POST!

SO IT WAS THAT WHEN DAWN CAME TO THE
DESERT, THE BANDITS WERE COMPLETELY
CONQUERED!



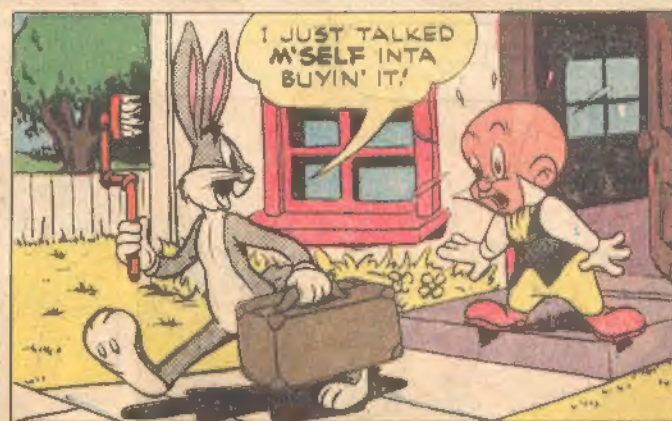
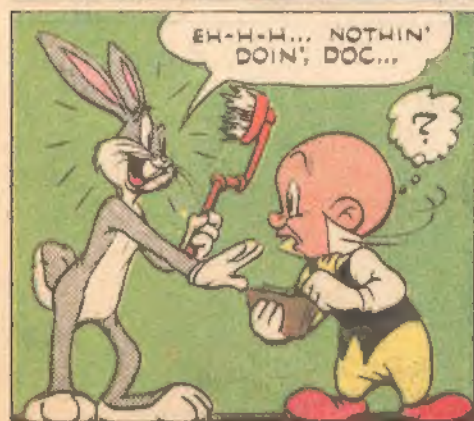
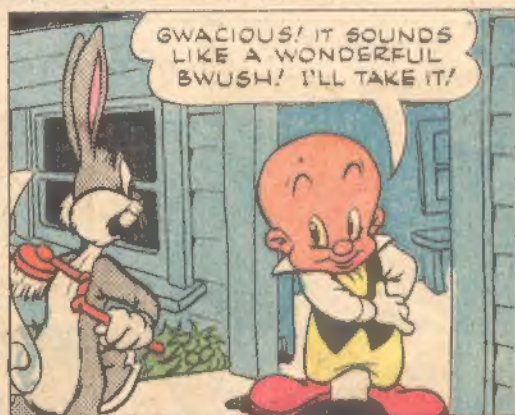
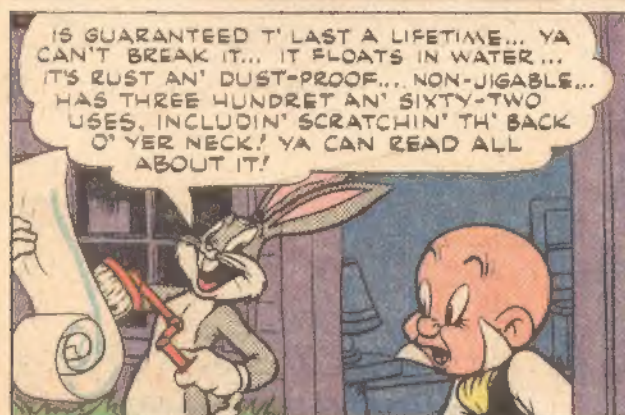
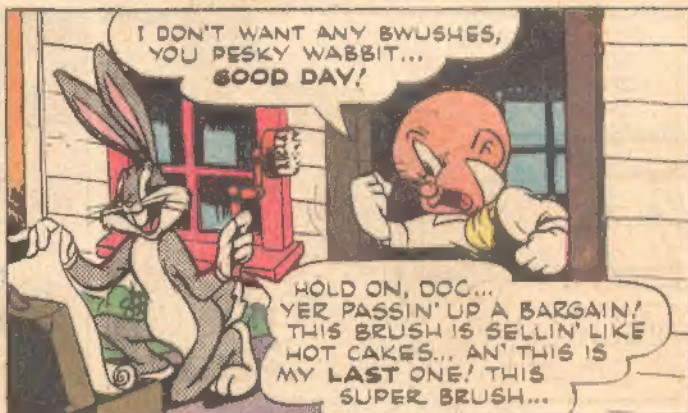
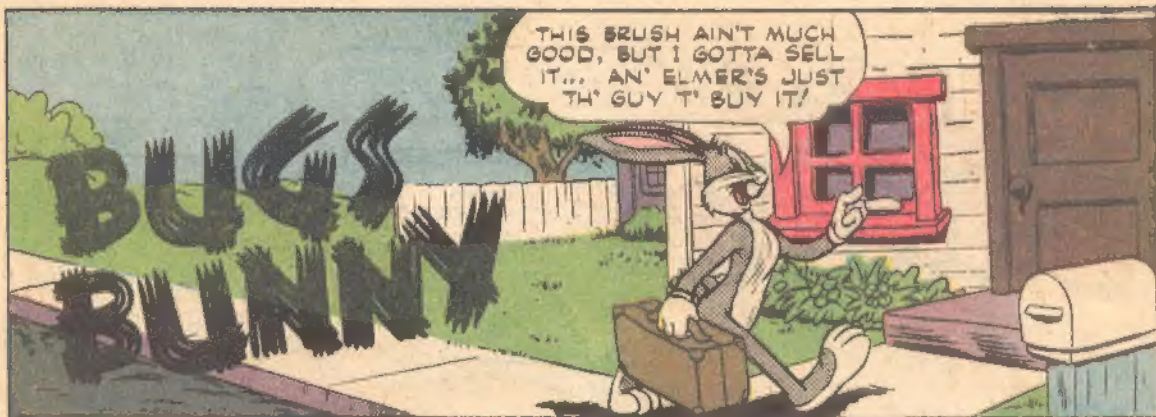
WE OWE OUR VICTORY TO FUDD AND THE
RABBIT! THEY SHOULD BOTH HAVE
MEDALS FOR BRAVERY AND VALOR!
WHERE ARE THEY?

ER... STILL AT
THEIR POSTS, SIR!



GO FIND YOURSELF
ANOTHER POST TO
HIDE BEHND! I WAS
HERE FIRST!

'TIS NOT YOUR POST! IT'S
MINE! I'VE BEEN HIDING HERE
LONG BEFORE YOU CAME
AROUND!

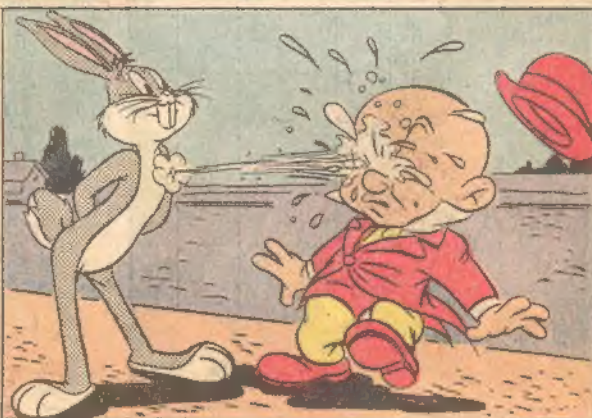
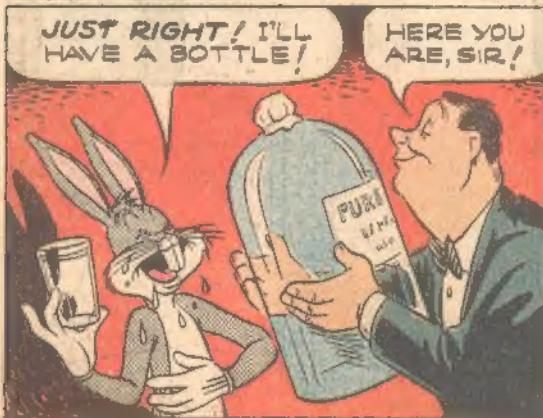
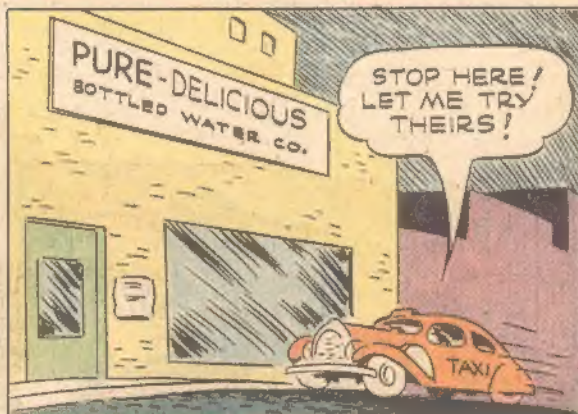
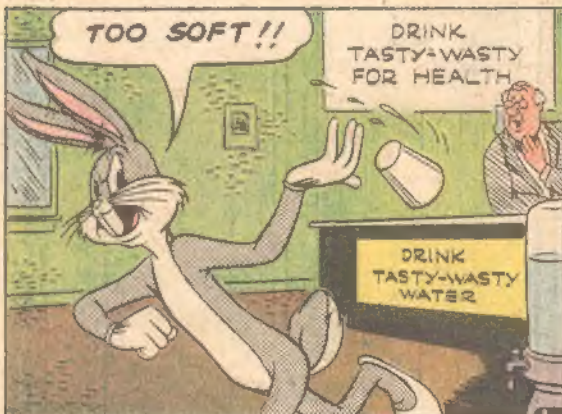
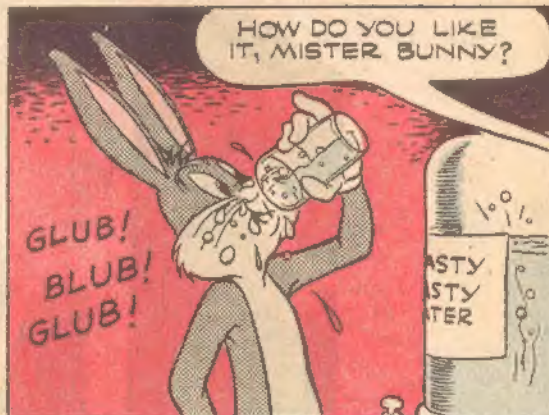
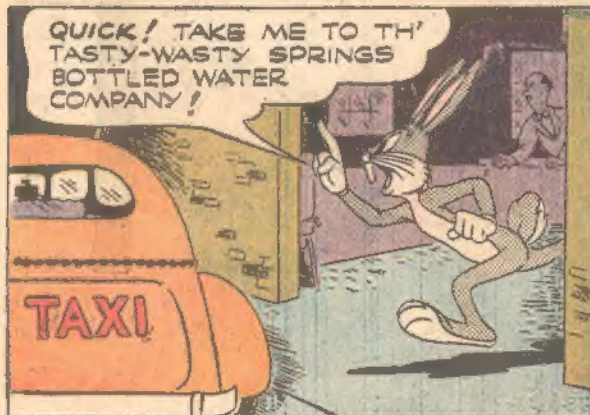


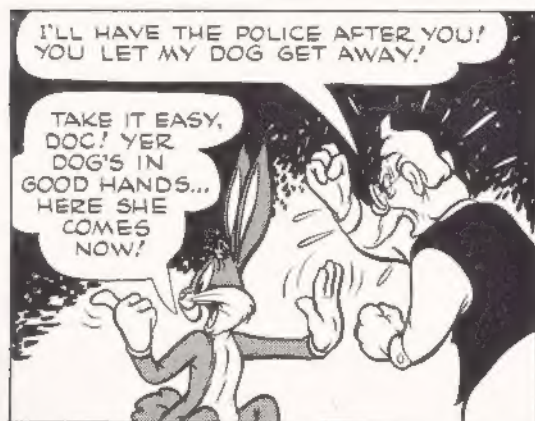
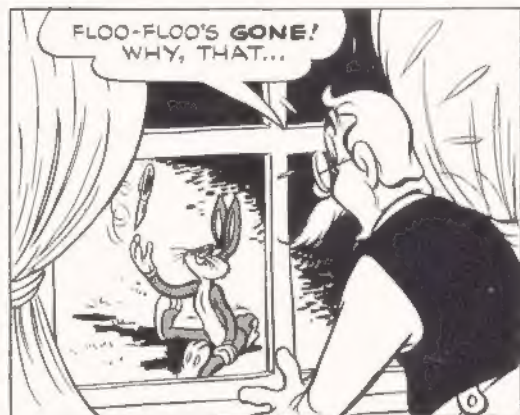
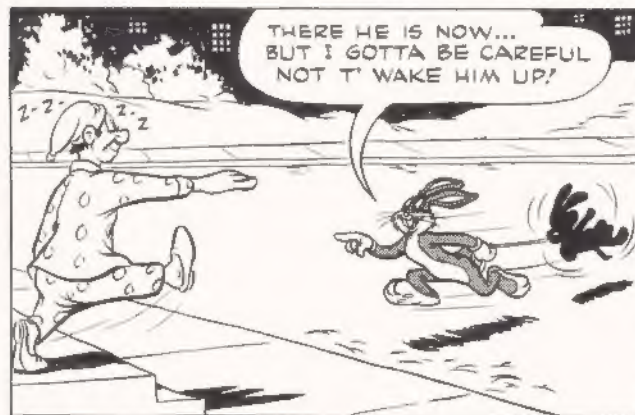
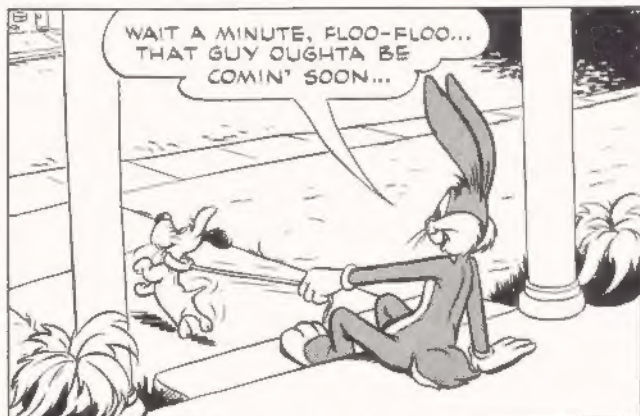
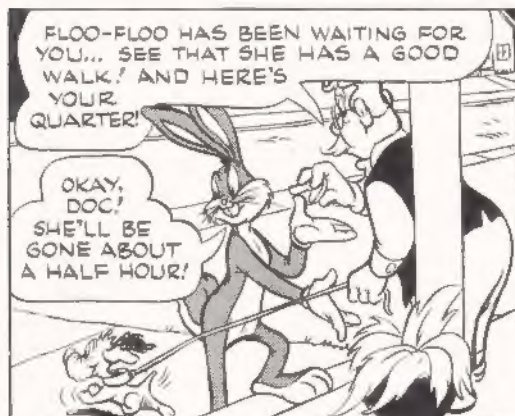
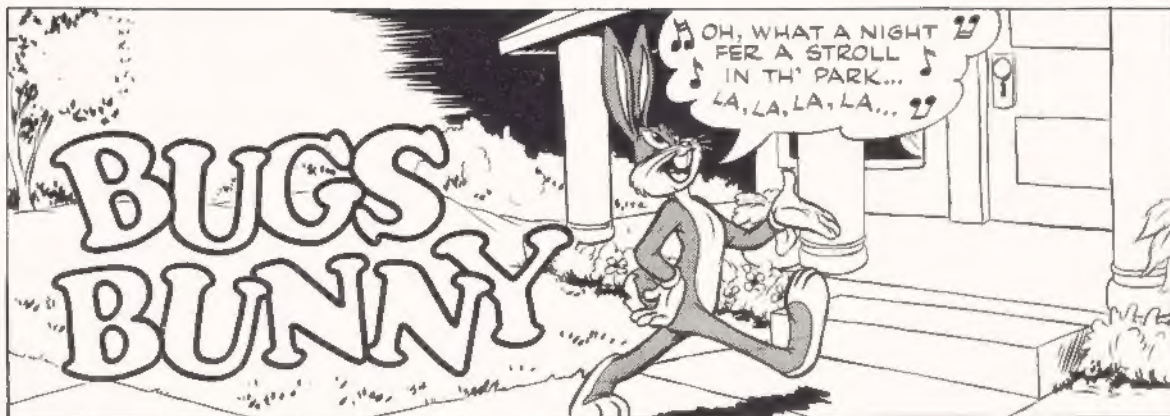
BUGS BUNNY

ISN'T IT THE MOST DELICIOUS WATER YOU EVER TASTED?

NAW.... IT'S TOO HARD!

BABBLIN' BROOK BOTTLED WATER CO.







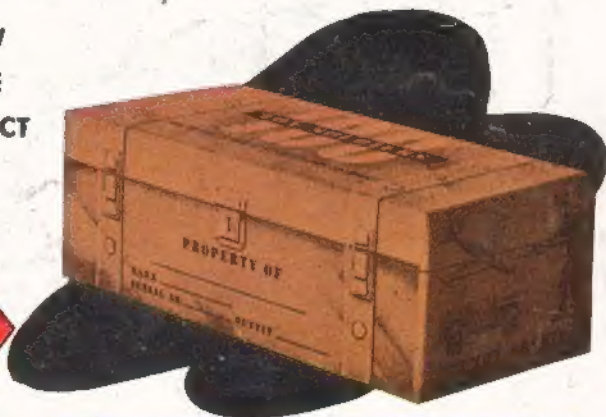
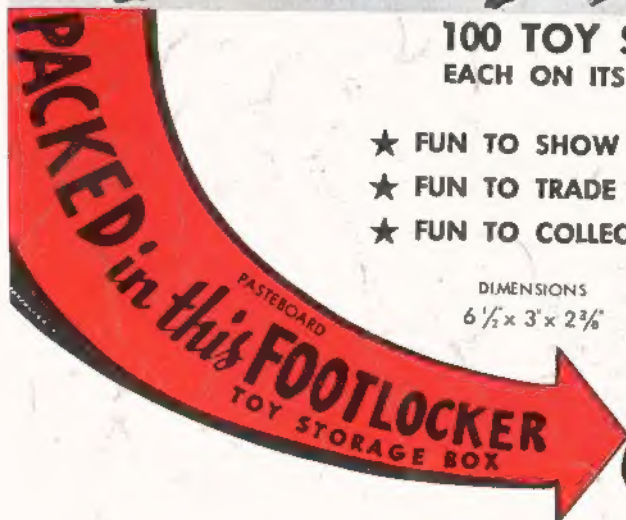
100 pc Toy Soldiers set \$1.25



100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE.

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- ★ FUN TO TRADE
- ★ FUN TO COLLECT

DIMENSIONS
6 1/2" x 3" x 2 3/4"



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Officers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Waves |
| 4 Battleships | 8 Wacs |
| 4 Cruisers | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Sailors | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannon |
| 8 Sharpshooters | 4 Bazookamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksmen |

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Carle Place, Long Island, N. Y.

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